

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE AVIATOR.

O God! To have the world below our feet!

To mount, and glide, and soar, and looking down

Upon the little men that dot the street,
And all the tiny tracing of the town;

For once to measure with an infinite span

The little things of earth, from heaven's great height,

And thence to view the works and ways of man,

And judge their values with a clearer sight!

O Joy! to race the winds, and hear them singing,

To cleave the clouds, and spring, and swoop, and rise,

And on and on, in the infinite, up-wing-
ing,

With throbbing pulse, and sun-confront-
ing eyes!

To soar, alone, above, in the immense
Blue freedom of the sky, where time
and space

Dissolve in joy of motion, and the sense
Of power outruns the little earthly race

Of creeping men—O God! what joy of
fine

New being this! Shall not our race
grow fair,

With powers like these? Greater, more
free, divine?

From kinship with the all-transcending
air!

Lillian Sauter.

The English Review.

"IRELAND'S EYE."

A drear, waste, island rock, by tempests
worn,

Gnawed by the seas and naked to the
sky,

It bears the name it hath for ages borne
Of "Ireland's Eye."

It looks far eastward o'er the desert
foam;

Round it the whimpering, wild sea-
voices cry.

The gulls and cormorants have their
stormy home

On Ireland's Eye.

A strange and spectral head the gaunt
crag rears,

And ghostly seem the wings that
hover nigh.

Are these dim rains the phantoms of
old tears

In Ireland's Eye?

The tide ebbs fast; the wind droops
low to-day,

Feeble as dying hate that hates to
die.

Blow, living airs, and blow the mists
away

From Ireland's Eye.

William Watson,

The Hill of Howth, August 1st, 1910.

The Spectator.

A REMINISCENCE.

Still I can feel your salt breath's brac-
ing sting.

Fair Norman land, and watch your
shackled kine

Crop the rich herbage of their flowery
ring;

The open upland spreads its long sky-
line

Still, where the distant wagons hardly
seem

To move behind the long extended
team:

The gleaners women sing.

Shouldering their golden burdens, light
of heart

(O Art's perfection that yet knows no
art!)

With kerchiefed head and skirt whose
winsome hue

Calls down the color of September skies
To kiss in kindred blend of white and
blue.

Here then the secret lies
Of gray tree-circled churches that up-
grew

With glory of glass and rapt saint
wrought in stone

By hand and chisel that no teacher own,
—Instinct of babes that can confound
the wise!—

Nature and Man are one, sweet Nor-
man scene, in you.

The Nation.

Guy Kendall.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

With a tired and stertorous grunt, in a sudden and how much needed shaft of sunshine, the train came to a standstill, wearily and as if it would never pluck up spirits again to drag along its tale of dusty carriages. The station was bright pink, the window frames were bright emerald green; the porters wore bright blue uniforms and one of them a bright scarlet cap. In the background—but no, under the shafts of sparkling light there was no background; it all jumped forward as if it were a flat, bright pattern covering a high wall—there was a landscape in chequers of little plots of ground. The squares of bare earth were of brighter pink than anything you will see in Devonshire; where the newly-cut fodder had stood, the green was a pale bright emerald. The patches of tobacco were of a green more vivid; the maize more vivid still. The very cocks of hay, dotted about like ant heaps, were purple. The draught oxen, bright yellow, stood before the long carts, painted bright blue, and panted in the unaccustomed heat. Peasant women in short green petticoats with blue velvet bodices and neckerchiefs of bright green, of sky-blue, of lemon yellow, bore upon their heads purple baskets, or beneath coils of sparkling white linen raked the purple hay on the green fields, or lifted up into the blue wagons bundles of fodder with forks that had bright red shafts. And all this color, in the dazzling, violent light was hung beneath an absurd blue sky. It was the color of the blue houses one sees in the suburbs of Paris, and contained, blotted all over it, absurd pink and woolly German clouds.

I closed my eyes. It was not that it was really painful, it was not that it

was really disagreeable. All this richness, all this prosperity, seemed so stable and so long-established that in our transient world it suggested a lasting peace. But coming out of our grays and half-tints of London, where nothing vivid ever occurs to disturb the eye, it was too overwhelming. It was—and the words came on to my lips at the very moment—too brave, too Pre-raphaelite! It was just as if Nature had set herself to do the thing well, and had done the thing so well that the eye couldn't possibly stand it. Pre-raphaelite! That was what it all was.

Desiring to rest my eyes, I turned them upon one of those newspapers that are so difficult to read, and there was conveyed to my mind the message:

"Es wird uns telegraphiert aus London dass der Maler Holman Hunt, der Vater des englischen Preraphaelismus, im 83ten Jahre seines Lebens, gestorben ist."

"It is telegraphed to us out of London that the painter Holman Hunt, the father of English Preraphaelism, today, in the eighty-third year of his life, is dead."

I do not know whether there was something telepathic about Nature that she gave this brave Pre-raphaelite show in Hessen-Nassau to frame for me an announcement that called up images so distant and so dim of a painter—of a set of painters—who in their own day decided to do the thing well—to do the thing so well that most beholders of their pictures still close their eyes and say that it is too much. For the odd thing is that these Pre-raphaelites painted in the dim and murky squares of Bloomsbury. There was nothing Hessian about their environment; if they were not all Cockneys, they were townsmen to a man.

And the most immediate image of Mr. Holman Hunt that comes to my mind is enshrined in a lamp-lit interior. There was Mr. Holman Hunt, resting after the labors of his day, with the curious, vivid, rugged head, the deep-set, illuminated eyes that were perpetually sending swift glances all over the room. There was also, I know, one of Her Majesty's Judges poring over the reproductions of some Etruscan vases; and there may have been other people. It was a tranquil interior of rather mellow shadows, and Mr. Holman Hunt, with the most ingenuously charming manner in the world, was engaged in damning—as it were in musing asides—all my family and their connections and myself. He was talking of the old times, of the 'forties and 'fifties, when he was known affectionately as Old Hunt and Millais as *The Lamp Post* because he was so tall. And uttering many things which may be found now in his autobiography, Mr. Hunt would let drop sentences like:—

"The Brotherhood used to meet pretty often at Rossetti's rooms, but, of course, Rossetti was a common thief. . . ."

"Your grandfather was then painting a picture called '*The Pretty Baalams*,' but, of course, Madox Brown was a notorious liar. . . ."

"These details may be interesting to you when you come to write the life of your grandfather, but, of course, you, as a person of no particular talent, setting out upon an artistic career, will die ignominiously of starvation. And so Millais and I, having discovered the secret of the wet white ground, proceeded to swear an oath that we would reveal it to none other of the brethren."

So distractedly—so amiably, for the matter of that, were these damning "of courses" dropped into the great man's picturesque narrative, that it was not until after I had for two or three hours left the dim and comfortable lamp-light

of the room that I really realized that Mr. Hunt had stated that he considered Rossetti a thief, my grandfather a liar, and myself doomed to an infamous and needy death. How Mr. Hunt had arrived at this last conclusion, I do not know, for this happened twenty years ago, between the death and burial of Madox Brown, I having been sent to ask this friend of my grandfather's early years to attend his funeral. I was just nineteen at the time, so that I know quite well that what the great painter meant was not that he perceived traces of incipient villainy upon my countenance or of decadence in my non-existent writings, but that he really desired to warn me against the hardships of the artistic life, of which in his middle years he tasted for so long and so bitterly. Similarly, when he said that Rossetti was a thief, he meant that the author of *Jenny* had borrowed some books of him and never returned them, so that they were sold at the sale of Rossetti's effects. And when he called my grandfather, not yet in his grave, a notorious liar, that signified that he was irritated by the phrase, "father of Pre-raphaelism," which was applied to Madox Brown in his obituaries. These had been circulated to the halfpenny evening press by a news' agency. An industrious hack-writer had come upon this phrase in a work by Mr. Harry Quilter, no other writer at that date having paid any attention at all to Madox Brown's career. The phrase had afforded my grandfather almost more explosive irritation than its repetition thus caused Mr. Holman Hunt. For, rightly or wrongly, just as Mr. Hunt considered himself the father and grandfather of Pre-raphaelism, as well as the only Pre-raphaelite that counted, so Madox Brown considered himself much too senior an artist to have been mixed up in a childish debating society called a Brotherhood, and invented by a set of youths very

much his juniors. But now, indeed, with the announcement, *Heute wird uns aus London telegraphiert*, which the wires so generously flashed to the ends of the civilized earth, the Father of Pre-raphaelism passes away. For of all the Pre-raphaelite Brothers, Mr. Hunt was the only one who fully understood, who fully carried out, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, the canons of Pre-raphaelism. It was the older artist who first painted bright purple haycocks—yes, bright purple ones—upon a bright green field. But he painted them like that because he happened to notice that when sunlight is rather red and the sky very blue, the shadowy side of green-gray hay is all purple. He noticed it, and he rendered it. It was a picturesque fact appealing to an imagination that looked out for the picturesque. Mr. Holman Hunt rendered things with the avid passion of a seeker after truth; it was a hungry desire; it was a life force pushing him towards the heroic, towards all of the unexplored things in human experience that are as arid and as bitter as the unexplored fields of ice around the Pole. Just as the explorer, robbing these august regions of their mystery with his photographs and his projections, is inspired by the passion for those virgin mysteries, just as he earns at once our dislike by penetrating mysteries that should remain mysteries if we are to remain comfortable, so with Mr. Holman Hunt. Inspired with the intense, unreasoning faith of the ascetic for the mysteries of revealed religion—inspired, too, with the intense and unreasoning desire of the ascetic for the rendering of truth, since he believed that truth and revealed religion were as much identical as are the one in three of the Trinity, so Mr. Holman Hunt supported the fiery suns of the desert, the thirsts of the day, the rigors of the night, the contempt of his compatriots,

and the scorn of his time, in the endeavor to prove that Our Lord was a Semitic boy or an adult Jew inspired with the ecstasy of a modern French anarchist; that His Mother was a Bedouin woman of no particular distinction, or that the elders in the Temple were a set of Semitic sheiks dressed in aniline dyed burnouses, packed together in wooden tabernacles, beneath a remorseless sun. This was the message of Mr. Holman Hunt to his generation, a message surely very salutary and very useful. For of its kind, and as far as it went, it meant clearness of thought, and clearness of thought in any department of life is the most valuable thing that a man can give to his day. For the painter of *The Light of the World* dealt a very hard blow to the fashionable religion of his day. This the world of his youth understood very well. It declared Mr. Hunt to be an atheist, and, with Charles Dickens at its head, cried to the Government for the imprisonment of Mr. Hunt and his Brethren.

These things are, I suppose, a little forgotten now—or perhaps they all repose together on that hill where grows the Herb of Oblivion. I don't know. But in the romantic home of my childhood, the opponents of Pre-raphaelism seemed to stalk about still, like assassins with knives. There was a sort of Blue-Beard called Frank Stone, R.A.—God alone knows nowadays who Frank Stone, R.A., was! But Frank Stone said in the Athenæum of the year of grace 1850, that the flesh of Pre-raphaelite pictures was painted with strawberry jam. There was a veritable Giant Blunderbore called Grant, P. R. A.—who in the world was Grant, P. R. A.?—who, with forty thieves, all R.A.'s, immolated the innocent pictures of Holman Hunt, Millais, D. G. R., Brown, and Collinson—who sent them home ripped up with nails, who never returned them at all, or who hung them

next the ceiling in gloomy rooms one hundred and forty feet high. That, at least, was my early picture of the horrors that the Pre-raphaelites had to endure.

And the public certainly took its share, too. The good, indolent public of that day was not too indolent to take an interest in pictures, and it certainly very hotly disliked anything that had P.R.B. attached to it, perhaps because it was used to things with P.R.A.—who *was* Grant, P.R.A.? People in those days, like people to-day, had tired eyes. They wanted nice, comfortable half-tones. They wanted undisturbing pictures in which flesh, trees, houses, castles, the sky and the sea alike appeared to have been painted in pea-soup. Consequently, hay that was purple in the shadows, and flesh that seemed to have been painted with strawberry jam, upset them very much. They were simple, earnest people, those early Victorians, and had not yet learnt the trick of avoiding disturbing thoughts and sights. Perhaps it was that the picture-postcard had not yet been invented. It is incredible nowadays to think that anyone would be in the least disturbed if a painter as great as Velasquez should come along and paint you a scarlet landscape with a pea green sky. Nowadays we should care nothing at all. Only if he pushed himself really well, he would find himself elected A.R.A. at the third attempt, and his pictures would be bought by a doctor in Harley Street. He would be celebrated in a small afternoon tea circle. But the great public would never hear of him, and would never be disturbed by his scarlet grass and green sky. We should not indeed really care two pins if the President of the British Association should declare that the grass is bright scarlet and the sky green. We should just want to go on playing Bridge.

But the public of the Pre-raphaelites

was really worried. It felt that if these fellows were right, its eyesight must be wrong, and there is nothing more disturbing! It desired, therefore, that these painters should be suppressed. It didn't want them only to be ignored. They were disturbers of great principles. If they began by declaring that flesh looked like strawberry jam, when all the world knew that it looked like pea-soup, they would begin next to impugn the British Constitution, the morality of the Prince Consort, the *Times* newspaper, the Non-conformist conscience, the bench of Bishops, and the beauty of the crinoline. There would be no knowing where they wouldn't get to.

And indeed the worried public was perfectly right. Pre-raphaellism may or may not have been important in the history of modern art; it was all-important in the development of modern thought. The amiable muddle-headedness of the crinoline period was perfectly right to be horribly worried when Millais exhibited a picture showing Christ obedient to His parents. You have to consider that in those days it was blasphemous, indecent and uncomfortable to think about sacred personages at all. No one really liked to think about the Redeemer as Man, and Millais showed them the Virgin kissing her Son! According to Victorian Protestant ideas the Mother of Our Lord was a person whom you never mentioned at all. But Millais dragged her right into the foreground. You couldn't get away from her. She was kissing her little Son, and her little Son was obedient to her. Adolescence, family affection, subjection to His Mother and father, or early occupations—these things were obviously logical, but were very disturbing. They meant all sorts of revisions of judgment. It was not only that flesh looked like strawberry jam, but that the Saviour was a man with the necessities, the craving for

sympathy, and the vulnerability of a man. These facts Millais forced upon the attention of the public.

And not being of the stern temper of Mr. Hunt, Millais bent before the storm of popular opinion. He was afraid that Charles Dickens would get him imprisoned. He changed the figure of the Virgin so that no longer does she comfort her Son with a kiss. Millais could alter his picture, but nothing in this world could ever have forced Mr. Hunt to bend. In consequence, Millais, a very great painter, climbed an easy road to affluence, and died in the chair once occupied by Grant, P.R.A. Mr. Hunt pursuing his sterner course, seeking avidly for truth as it must have appeared, was for long years shunned by patrons and hard put to it to live at all. There have, I think, been few such struggles in the cause of any conscience, and never with such a fierce and iron determination has any painter, in the teeth of a violent opposition, fettered his art so to serve the interests of religion and of truth.

This religiosity which Mr. Holman Hunt, before even Darwin, Huxley, and other Victorian figures, so effectively destroyed, was one of the scourges of the dismal period which to-day we call the Victorian era. And if Mr. Hunt destroyed the image of Simon Peter as the sort of artist's model that you see on the steps of Calabrian churches, furtively combing out, with the aid of a small round mirror, long white hairs depending from his head and face—these hairs being the only portion of him that have ever been washed since his birth—if Mr. Hunt destroyed this figure, with its attitudes learnt on the operatic stage, its blanket revealing opulently moulded forms, and its huge property keys extended towards a neo-Gothic Heaven—if Mr. Hunt gave us instead (I don't know that he ever did, but he may have done) a Jewish fisherman pulling up dirty-

looking fish on the shores of a salt-en-crusted and desolate lake—then Mr. Hunt, in the realms of modern thought, enormously aided in the discovery of wireless telegraphy, and in no way damaged the prestige of the occupant of St. Peter's Chair.

This truism may appear a paradox. And yet nothing is more true than that clearness of thought in one department of life stimulates clearness of thought in another. The great material developments of the end of last century did not only succeed the great realistic developments that had preceded them in the arts. The one was the logical corollary of the other. Just as you cannot have a healthy body in which one of the members is unsound, so you cannot have a healthy national life in the realms of thought unless in all the departments of life you have sincere thinkers, and this is what Mr. Hunt undoubtedly was—a sincere thinker. To say that he was the greatest painter of his day might be superfluous; he was certainly the most earnest beyond all comparison. That we should dislike the vividness of his color is perhaps the defect of our degenerate eyes, which see too little of the sunlight. And such a painting as that of the strayed sheep on the edge of the Fairlight cliff, near Pett—such a painting is sufficient to establish its painter's claims to gifts of the very greatest. You have the sunlit sheep, you have the dangerous verge of the hill; you have the sea far below. and from these things you find awakened in you such emotions as Providence has rendered you capable of. This, without doubt, is the province of art—a province which perhaps Mr. Hunt, in his hunger and thirst after righteousness, unduly neglected.

Of pictures of his at all in this absolute *genre*, I can recall otherwise only one, representing the deck of a steamer at night. Mr. Hunt, in fact, set himself the task of being rather a pioneer

than an artist. His fame, the bulking of his personality in the eyes of posterity, as with all other pioneers, will no doubt, suffer. But when he gave Mr. Gambart what Mr. Gambart complained was "a great ugly goat," instead of a pretty religious picture, with epicene angels, curled golden hair and long night-gowns, Mr. Hunt was very certainly benefiting the life of his day. And, indeed, this is a terrifying and suggestive picture. But this great man cared very little for beauty, which is that which, by awakening untabulated and indefinite emotions, makes, indefinitely, more proper men of us. Had he cared more for this he would have been a greater artist; he might have been a smaller man. Beauty, I think, he never once mentions in his autobiography. But truth and righteousness, as he understood it, were always on his lips as they were always in his heart. In spite of the acerbity of his utterances—of which, boldly taking the bit between my teeth, I have here given a few specimens—in spite of the apparent egotism of his autobiography, which to the unthinking might appear a bitterly vainglorious book, I am perfectly ready to declare myself certain that Mr. Holman Hunt was, in the more subtle sense, an eminently unselfish man. The "I" that is so eternal in his autobiography is not the "I" that was William Holman Hunt. It was all that he stood for—the principles, the hard life, the bitter endurance, the splendid record of young friendships, the aims, the achievement. It was for this that Mr. Hunt desired to force acknowledgement. In his autobiography he did himself perhaps less than justice; in his paintings, too, he did himself perhaps less than justice; but in the whole course of his life, from his strugglings away from the merchant's stool to his death, which is telegraphed to us in the obscurest of Hessian villages, he never betrayed his

ascetic's passion. It was to this passion that his egotism was a tribute. From his point of view, Rossetti was not a good man because he was not a religious painter who had journeyed into Palestine in search of truth. He never even went to Florence to see where Beatrice lived. If Mr. Hunt called Rossetti a thief, it was because he desired to express this artistically immoral fact, and he expressed it clumsily as one not a master of words. And similarly, if he called Madox Brown a liar, it was because Madox Brown was not a painter of his school of religious thought. His aim was not to prevent other persons buying pictures of Madox Brown or Rossetti; his aim was not to hinder Madox Brown's or Rossetti's prosperity. He desired to point out that the only way to æsthetic salvation was to be a believing Pre-raphaelite. And there was only one Pre-raphaelite—that was Mr. Holman Hunt. Anyone without this faith must, he felt, be a bad man. In a dim and crabbed language he tried to express it. At other times he would call these rival painters the best and noblest of fellows, or the one man in the world to whom to go for advice or sympathy. And this indeed was the main note of his life, he himself having been as companionable, as fine a fellow, and as good to go to for advice. But being a painter, he had to look for shadows, and not being much of a hand with the pen or the tongue, if he could not find them, he had to invent them. That, in the end, was the bottom of the matter.

I permit myself these words upon a delicate subject, since Mr. Hunt's autobiography, which must necessarily be his most lasting personal memorial, does so very much less than justice to the fineness of his nature. This scarcely all his hardships and privations could warp at all. And I permit them to myself the more readily since I

may, without much immodesty, consider myself the most vocal of the clan which Mr. Hunt dimly regarded as the Opposition to his claim to be regarded as the Founder of Pre-raphaelism. But I think I never did advance—it was never my intention to advance—any suggestion that the true inwardness of Pre-raphaelism, the exact rendering, hair for hair of the model; the passionate hunger and thirst for even accidental truth, the real *caput mortuum* of
The Portmantly Review.

Pre-raphaelism, was ever expressed by anyone else than by the meticulously earnest painter and great man, whose death has just been telegraphed from what, so far away, seem the deep recesses of London into the chess-board pattern of sun-lit Pre-raphaelite Hessian harvest lands. May the fields to which he has gone prove even such bright places where, to his courageous eyes, his Truth shall be very vivid and—prevail!

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

By WM. M. ROSSETTI.

Having been invited to write down some reminiscences of my old and beloved friend William Holman Hunt, I readily assent. But I must ask the reader to understand that, as time does not allow of any systematic researches of memory, or recurrence to old documents, etc., I am simply writing a few details which remain, sometimes clearly and sometimes vaguely, in my recollection, and that I do not profess to reproduce dates and lesser minutiae with precision.

If I had a memory of the same type as that of Hunt himself, I should have less reason for asking indulgence on the ground above stated. He remembered details of incidents, conversations and the like in astonishing profusion, and related them, orally and in writing, with singular particularity. That he was often accurate as well as detailed I have no doubt: in some instances I think there must have been some defect of accuracy, or, at any rate, an array of detail in which absolute accuracy, though reasonably well preserved in essentials, got partly swamped. At any rate, different men have memories of different calibres, and mine is not of that kind which Hunt exemplified in a remarkable degree.

Hunt was born in April 1827, and I in September 1829; my brother Dante Gabriel came intermediately, May 1828. It will thus be understood that, in my early intercourse with Hunt, he had a certain definite superiority over me, were it on the ground of years and experience alone. I am not sure that I met him in person before the summer of 1848; but he and my brother were, from an earlier date, fellow-students in different classes of the Royal Academy, and it *may* be that I saw him before the close of 1847. He and my brother were joint members of a small artistic coterie which termed itself the Cyclo-graphic Society: a high-flown name which was assuredly not invented by Dante Gabriel, nor yet by Hunt who knew no Greek. The function of this society was for the several members to produce original designs, of whatever subject-matter, and to send the designs round to the other members for critical remark. Sooner or later I certainly did meet Hunt as belonging to this society, and I often heard my brother speak of him as one of the promising students of the Academy: indeed, he was already, in 1847, an exhibiting painter, and a capable one. Hunt, when I first knew him, was a young

man of sturdy and rather fleshy physique, somewhat above the middle height. His face was pale, his eyes light grayish blue, his hair abundant, straight, and of a rather pale yellow or sandy tint: it continued abundant till his death. His forehead was always remarkable—large, strong, and from an early date scored with a few horizontal lines. To see and hear him once or twice was to be satisfied that there was "something in him beyond the common." His nose was of full thickness, with an observably projecting tip: in his concluding years this peculiarity had almost disappeared. His talk—not wholly free from evidences of a scanty education, but these also disappeared as the years went on—was full of character and point and observation; thoughtful, and often humorous and diverting.

The association of my brother, and consequently of myself, with Hunt, became very close from the summer of 1848. It was towards August of that year that my brother, who had as yet scarcely the least practice of oil-painting, and who had chafed under the few lessons which he obtained from Ford Madox Brown (almost wholly confined to what he dubbed "painting pickle-jars"), applied to Hunt for permission to share with him a studio recently entered upon in Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, close to Howland Street. Hunt assented—it might appear, not overwillingly. I think my brother's position in that studio, and as being the "pupil" of Hunt, has been a little under-stated of late years. He paid his allotted share of the rent, but did not, as his friend did, sleep in the house. He was certainly Hunt's pupil in the sense that he sought and appreciated the advantage of painting under the guidance and inspection of his more proficient colleague: but what he set about painting from the very first was a picture, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*, which he in-

tended to exhibit. Exhibit this he did, in the spring of 1849, even a month or two earlier than the pictures of Hunt and Millais, which went to the Royal Academy; and Rossetti's picture, as well as those of his two friends, was recognized as a work of some considerable mark. A pupil whose first and sole pupillage consists in the production of an oil-painting important in subject and observable in achievement is not exactly a pupil in the ordinarily acknowledged sense. Hunt's picture was the *Rienzi Swearing to Avenge his Brother's Death*: Dante Rossetti sat for the head of Rienzi, and I for that of the young Colonna. John Everett Millais's picture was the *Lorenzo and Isabella*, from Keats's poem.

In that year 1849 the three young men (Millais being even younger than my brother) came together before the public as exhibitors. In the early autumn of 1848 they had formed the league termed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, or P.R.B. I fully acquiesce in Hunt's statement, in his book published in 1905, that he himself was the primary initiator of this movement, and that Millais had fallen in with it before Rossetti was consulted or recruited. I do not, however, acquiesce in any notion that Rossetti upon joining the Brotherhood (of which I believe he invented the name), was any less fully than the other two a representative of so-called Pre-Raphaelism. The ideas prevalent in the Brotherhood were represented in the pictures of the trio. That each member of the trio should entertain exactly the same views as the others was not to be expected—for three men of originating genius it was not possible. The three works, taken in combination, represented the scope of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, with its inevitable modifications for the one or other artist. Hunt's and Millais's pictures were certainly more forcible executive work than Rossetti's: but they did not more

truly evince a purpose and aim covered by the term Pre-Raphaelite, and recognized in due course as such by the public. I make these observations as an offset against some contained in the book by Hunt, who, more than once, speaks of Rossetti's style of art as "Overbeckian," and therefore not rightly Pre-Raphaelite. The fact is that my brother held Overbeck's work and method in even undue disrepute. That Rossetti should have treated subjects of the Christian faith from a point of view partly abstract and far from wholly realistic, may have led him into some sort of analogy of intention to Overbeck: but this is an aim to which a great number of painters, in all ages, have conformed.

The P.R.B., into which I myself was admitted, though not an artist, brought Hunt and me into continual contact and hearty reciprocal friendship. There were monthly meetings of the P.R.Bs. at the houses of the seven members in rotation; and besides this we were constantly looking one another up, for purposes partly artistic, often merely friendly. Hunt received the unlimited confidence and affectionate admiration of all his colleagues. Millais was on the whole the more brilliant executant, and Dante Rossetti stood highest in cultivation and general breadth of poetical outlook: but neither of these was so decidedly popular among the P.R.Bs. generally as Hunt, whose strength of mind in art, force of character, and stubborn tussle with adverse conditions, ensured equal sympathy and respect. In those opening days of the P.R.B. he was in fact very poor, and, but for rigid self-discipline, he could not have persisted in following the career of art. While in Cleveland Street he not unfrequently, I think, had to limit himself to a single herring, or something similar, as his day's meal. Not infrequently he dined at our table, with my father and mother and the rest of us. Our table was not

a lavish one, for we were anything but well off; still our meals were always sound and substantial.

Such trials as these Hunt met with inflexible determination; and, both as man and as artist, he proceeded from strength to strength. The *Rienzi* of 1849 was succeeded by the *Christian Missionary and Druids*, the *Valentine and Proteus*, the *Hireling Shepherd*, the *Claudio and Isabella*, and in 1854 the *Light of the World*. Hunt's book of 1905 contains a multitude of details and anecdotes relating to this period of his life; several of them are within my own recollection; but he has told them much better than I should succeed in doing, and I need not dwell upon them here. Neither could I easily recall other anecdotes not glanced at by Hunt. I may say, however, a few words as to the persons who sat to him for figures in the pictures just mentioned. In the *Christian Missionary* subject the principal female head was painted from Miss Siddal, who in 1860 became my brother's wife: it does her less than justice. For *Valentine*, Mr. James Lennox Hannay, who afterwards became a London Police Magistrate, gave the sittings: some people have supposed that the head was done from Dante Rossetti, and, indeed, it does resemble him to some extent. *Proteus*, in the same picture, is from a Mr. Aspinall, a young lawyer, who soon afterwards emigrated to Australia; and *Sylvia* from Miss Siddal. For the *Hireling Shepherd* two people really of the laboring class were selected: a young woman whom Hunt (for whatever reason) used to call "the Coptic," and a robust, fine-looking man whom I saw once or twice. The *Claudio* was painted from Walter Howell Deverell, a promising young painter in our circle, very handsome, who died prematurely. As to the *Light of the World* I hardly know. I have sometimes seen it stated that my sister Christina sat for this head: possibly

she may have done so in one instance or another, but certainly very little. Lately I have seen my brother designated—how he shivered in the cold moonlight, etc.: this is indisputably wrong, if any serious continuous sitting for the head is implied. Millais also has been named.

Just about the time when the *Light of the World* was finished, and was making Hunt a man of absolute and extensive renown, revered in the religious world, he left England for the East—Egypt, Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, etc. During his travels he wrote me a fair number of letters, characteristic, interesting, and often amusing. His style in letter-writing, as also in writing for publication, was always a little long-drawn and diffuse; but full of substance and of pungent observation. At a much later date, perhaps towards 1885, I consigned all these letters to Mrs. Holman Hunt—there being then (as I understood) some idea of utilizing them in some form of publication. This, however, was not done, and, as the letters have not returned to me, I could not, even if I would, consult them for the purposes of this paper. Before starting for the East, Hunt wished to brush up his knowledge of a few apocryphal things, such as shooting and riding, and he attended the riding-school at Kensington Barracks, with good effect. He persuaded me also to attend: I took some few lessons, but did not pursue the practice (as I ought in reason to have done) so as to serve any useful purpose. Some few years later on Hunt went in for boxing-lessons; in these also I joined him, with much the same result as aforementioned. In 1852 occurred one of the rare instances when I was in Hunt's company for a few whole days consecutively. This was at a farmhouse at Fairlight, Hastings, to which he went for the purpose of painting his deservedly celebrated picture of stray sheep: we were together there for

a week or little less. Another inmate of the same farmhouse was Edward Lear, the landscape-painter, traveller, and (soon afterwards) author of *The Book of Nonsense*. He had conceived a great idea of the artistic merits of Hunt, and the value of his principles in art; and though much the older man of the two, he was endeavoring to reform his own methods of work upon the Huntian pattern, and treated our friend quite as his pictorial guide and philosopher. "Daddy Hunt" was his constant designation in Lear's mouth. This bright-minded, companionable and clever man continued to see the Pre-Raphaelite champion in later years, when they happened to be in the same locality.

Hunt, after his Oriental experiences and the painting of *The Scapegoat*, returned to London in 1856. I have always regarded *The Scapegoat* as one of his finest performances. It was an act of singular genius and abnormal faculty to turn a very ordinary-looking goat, with accessories of an unusual but not directly symbolic kind, into a truly tragic personage, almost to be ranked with an Oedipus or a King Lear. Hunt did it; and—what is remarkable—the British public, so thick-skinned to ideas, and so inclined to find something laughable in anything that is at once serious and strange, did not (as a rule) flinch or jeer, but accepted the scapegoat, earnestly and gravely, on his own showing.

With *The Scapegoat* to display, and *The Finding of Christ in the Temple* in hand and soon to be displayed, Hunt, upon his return to London, was a celebrity or a "lion." He soon got to know several people of station in society: for instance, the Prinsep family, of Little Holland House (where George F. Watts occupied a studio and apartments), received him with open arms. Hunt had never been indifferent to the idea of "getting on"; though he would not get

on by any process inconsistent with his own unbending will, and the prosecution of his own aims in art and in life. He now attended a good deal to matters of social amenity or advancement. The fashionable tailor Poole was in requisition (many a time did Hunt urge me, but in vain, to go to the same house), and lessons were taken from a dancing-master. I believe that Hunt danced very frequently at the parties which he attended; and I have heard that his successes in the ball-room were far from inconsiderable. I was never present on any such occasion: of Hunt's energy in dancing I should never have doubted; grace is a different thing, but credible upon evidence received. He played croquet; and I have known him to rise early in the morning for preliminary practice of the game.

It was in 1865 (I believe) that Hunt married. His bride was Miss (Fanny) Waugh, daughter of a prosperous man of business in London, and deservedly noted for her beauty. I saw next to nothing of this lady before her marriage, and not much afterwards: what little I did see impressed me with a great liking for her, as one of the sweetest, most attractive, and most dignified women I ever knew. I was Hunt's best man at the wedding, which took place in a well-known church in Bayswater. I can recollect proposing the bridegroom's health in a very inefficient speech, which I supplemented by another not perhaps quite equally inane. The only phrase in either that I now remember is, "We are all proud of him"—and so we were, and so we ought to have been. This marriage lasted only about a year. In Florence, Mrs. Hunt gave birth to a boy, Cyril, and was immediately afterwards attacked by the local epidemic, millary fever, which carried her off in a few days. I offered to go to Florence, to tender to the bereaved husband my poor companionship and still poorer consolation, but

the offer was amicably declined. At Florence, Hunt and his wife had been *en route* for Jerusalem. The circumstances having thus deplorably altered, he remained for some considerable while in the Tuscan capital; and there I found him in the spring of 1866, occupied partly in carving a tomb for his wife, in a shape approximating to what one might suppose for Noah's ark. I was accompanied on that occasion by an old friend of us both, John Lucas Tupper, who fell very dangerously ill soon after reaching Florence; and I shall not easily forget the zealous exertions of friendship and attention which Hunt put forth. After some days of severe crisis, Tupper took a turn for recovery, and he returned to England, being then a Master of Drawing at Rugby School. He died in 1879; and again Hunt, with the vigorous co-operation of his second wife, came forward, doing all that was possible for promoting the interests of the widow and orphans.

The present Mrs. Holman Hunt, whom I have just mentioned, is a younger sister of the first wife—a "deceased wife's sister" of the long and embittered years of episcopal obstruction. Hunt and Miss Edith Waugh married in Switzerland in 1874 or 1875; and a great number of reasonable people (among whom I would fain include myself) thought and think them entirely in the right. The English law, however, was against them. Another opponent was Hunt's old friend and colleague in the P.R.B., Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, who had previously married a third Miss Waugh; this dissension, not wholly unaided by some other points of minor importance, severed the two friends, and they never reunited. Hunt was not the man to sit passive under a system which he accounted wrongful. He threw himself into the agitation against the then existing law with the same intensity of

will and persistence of action which he had evinced in the cause of Pre-Raphaelitism. I remember that, several years ago, he showed me an argumentative document in favor of marriages of this kind, in which a good deal of stress was laid upon the attitude taken up by the Armenian (or some such) Church on the subject: the document may perhaps (but I am not sure) have been partly his own composition. I told him that I thought it was no great consequence what the Armenian Church opined on the matter: the essential point being that a vast number of British people considered such marriages to be right and allowable, and that they ought not to be prohibited from contracting these by any laws embodying conceptions proper to the dark ages. He, however, informed me that many persons interested in the cause placed great reliance upon this Oriental precedent, and the document remained unmodified. He was President of the Society for the legalization of these marriages for some years before the reform was carried; and I saw him actively occupied in the matter only a week or two before the new law passed in the House of Lords.

After his second marriage Hunt and his wife were often out of England, in Jerusalem and elsewhere, and I and my family lost sight of them for long intervals of time. At other periods they were in London or its neighborhood, and we saw them, yet scarcely so often as our long-standing friendship would have warranted. They lived for some good while at a very attractive old house, Draycott Lodge, Fulham; and they afterwards removed to No. 18 Melbury Road, Kensington, the house in which Hunt has now died. They have also occupied of late years a pleasant country house at Sonning, in Berkshire, built from the designs of Hunt's daughter, with the assistance of his wife. I was hospitably received

there for two or three days in 1907.

Owing to various circumstances—principally perhaps that I kept very much to myself after my wife's death in 1904—various years elapsed without my seeing anything of Hunt and his family. I continued to regard him as a valued old friend, and one whom (as universally recognized) it was an honor to know; but I failed to look him up, neither did he take the initiative with respect to me. This unsatisfactory state of things was brought to an end at the close of 1905, and by an incident, the publication of his long-pending book on Pre-Raphaelitism, which might have been expected rather to sunder than to re-unite us. Hunt sent me a copy of the book, along with a very friendly letter, to which I responded with the utmost heartiness. I read the book, and found, with much that I wholly liked and assented to, various things, more especially with regard to my brother, which I thought not entirely correct, and, whether correct or otherwise, not pleasant, nor represented in a pleasant mood of mind. In this opinion I stood by no means alone; and more than one friend or acquaintance of mine, or of my deceased brother, has expressed to me some rather strong views on the subject, and some surprise at my "taking matters easy"—which from the first I made up my mind to do. The fault of the whole affair belongs, I think, in considerable measure to writers who, more or less imperfectly informed as to the origin and development of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, have been in the habit of exalting Dante Rossetti as the leading spirit or the originator of that movement, without doing anything like adequate justice to the claims of Hunt, which are in fact the paramount claims. I did not myself ever abet these writers in their proceedings, neither did my brother—quite the contrary; but Hunt may have supposed

that my brother, and in some degree myself, were abettors, and he wrote with an obvious intention to set his own claims prominently forward, and this involved (or he treated it as if it had involved) a certain requirement to lower as much as practicable any rival claims, save indeed those of Millais. For such a state of feeling, in itself highly legitimate, one ought to make all reasonable allowance; and I congratulate myself upon having done so at the time, without waiting for the death of my old and excellent friend to make any reconfirmation of our affectionate intercourse impossible.

I may be excused for mentioning here a few points in which I think that Hunt was mistaken about my brother, of whom he had little if any personal cognizance after some such date as 1856. In that year some circumstances occurred in which Hunt was totally blameless, but my brother not so.

I cannot see that Dante Rossetti was (as stated in the *Pre-Raphaelitism* book) "not playing the game fairly" in sending his first two pictures to the Free Exhibition, rather than the Royal Academy. He was quite entitled to follow his own inclination, and he chose the Free Exhibition because, being able to purchase his wall-space there, he was certain of getting his pictures hung, which at the Academy would have been extremely doubtful. I do not think that "rancorous criticism" against his picture of 1851, the *Annunciation*, now in the Tate Gallery, made him resolve "never again to exhibit in public"; there were other reasons, and he still exhibited some things in the interval between 1851 and 1854, when Ruskin began buying anything he had to show. It is surely incorrect to say that "the ecclesiastical party" patronized Rossetti's work on account of its "anti-quarlanism." He never received any commission from any such party: there is, however, one painting of his (one

only) in a cathedral, Llandaff, the purchase of which was promoted by two laymen, the architect and Lord Aberdare. I cannot see the least ground for the statement that Rossetti, after the break-up of the P.R.B., "began to depend more and more on the practice of making separate studies of the parts of his pictures." If he had done so, the option was his: but in fact there are, I think, very few artists who did so little in this way as himself. The same remark applies to "complete cartoons" mentioned by Hunt. The statement "that Rossetti, in his later days, said, if he had his will, he would never do any more painting," appears to me quite erroneous. He continued painting up to the last; and his only regret seemed to be that ill-health obstructed him in the work.

I will add a few words about our old colleague in the P.R.B., my much attached friend the late Frederic G. Stephens, and also about myself. Hunt and Stephens were, up to a comparatively recent date, very intimate indeed, but circumstances, which I will not here enter upon, parted them at last. Hunt's book puts several of Stephens's proceedings in an unfavorable light, and I think sometimes an unduly harsh one: more especially so in a statement that Stephens, as art critic of *The Athenæum*, reversed at a certain date his hitherto hostile attitude towards the Royal Academy, owing to a self-interested motive. Stephens, by citing the actual dates of the several transactions, proved that this was a total mistake; and I assume that Hunt would in candor have admitted as much if his book had gone to a second edition. As to myself, Hunt says that the art-critics which I wrote in *The Spectator*, at a range of dates from 1850 to 1858, and which were intended to serve the cause of the Pre-Raphaelite artists, then often greatly decried, did them in fact more harm than good, be-

cause I set myself in dogged antagonism to the Academy. Now this is a question of fact; and I say without fear of contradiction (but no one at the present day will read those long-obsolete articles, so as to confirm my protest) that I never wrote in any such spirit of antagonism to the Academy as a constituted body. Hunt, in thus writing, intended no doubt to express his real belief, according to his recollection of those critics, "hid in death's dateless night"; but his recollection was hazy and erroneous. If my articles really did more harm than good, I am sorry—I had always supposed otherwise; but that this ensued from the cause alleged is incorrect, for such cause never existed.

Early in 1906, as soon as I had read Hunt's book, I called by invitation upon him and Mrs. Hunt in Melbury Road. Nothing could have been more cordial and pleasant than their reception of me. I sorrowed to find that my old friend was suffering from extremely defective eyesight, of which I had heard some reports previously. He had, perhaps a year before, consulted a very famous German oculist, who cut into the cornea of both eyes, saying this would restore or at any rate improve the sight: but the result had proved wofully the reverse. After this visit of mine in 1906 Hunt's sight continued to decline, until, for years prior to his decease, he was very near to being wholly blind—a fate grievous for a painter above all other men. He met this terrible misfortune in the most splendid spirit—tranquil, brave, high-minded, and often cheerful. He had always been a copious and interesting talker; and now, bereft of other outlets for his unsmouldering energies, he became a surprising one, pouring forth in a strong and pauseless stream a whole cornucopia of observation, reminiscence, and comment: at one moment an anecdote vividly told, at another a well-pondered and far-reaching

thought. His Oriental experiences figured very largely in his conversation, but intermingled with all sorts of other topics. He likewise persevered in going out of doors without stint. At Sonning, in 1907, he took a longish country walk with me, eight or nine miles; and, holding my arm, he paced forward actively, and with as much self-confidence as if his sight had been unimpaired.

Though endowed with a very tough constitution, which brought him on to the age of eighty-three, Hunt was often and gravely out of health: indeed, since he returned from the East in 1856, I have seldom known him to be in good condition for long. At one time, some twenty-five years ago, typhoid fever drove him to the very door of death; and after that he became a victim to asthma, of which he at times gave me details so painful as to be almost harrowing. But nothing daunted him. Courageous in an eminent degree, physically and morally courageous, he fought his maladies as if they had been so many desert wolves or hyenas: he grappled with them and rebelled against them, and would not be beaten.

Holman Hunt was essentially a religious man: whether born Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian, he would equally have been religious. He was an earnest Protestant Christian, in the full sense of the word: but not, so far as I observed, greatly concerned with any subtleties of dogma or sect. For sacerdotalism or even ecclesiasticalism he had no particular regard. No man had a firmer belief in the freewill and responsibility of man, and the personal immortality of the soul. He was not intolerant of other people's opinions, if differing from his own; but he took a very determined stand upon certain things as being right, and the opposite to them as being wrong, and he was not inclined to entertain any question of compromise between the two. He was upright and self-consistent:

not perhaps specially disinterested, but just and considerate. Furthermore, Hunt was a thorough and downright Englishman, and little disposed to admit that such outlandish personages as Chinamen, Japanese, Indians, Egyptians, or even Frenchmen, had any great *raison d'être* when brought front to front with the Briton: for a Jew he would have made some allowance.

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ance. He had no bigoted dislike of Mohammedans.

I write these last lines after coming back from the funeral ceremony of Hunt in St. Paul's Cathedral: Mrs. Hunt honored me by asking me to be one of the pall-bearers, and I paid that last mark of respect and affection to the memory of my old friend. A noble memory it is, and nobly was it recognized.

"HAMLET" AT A BENGAL FAIR.

It was at an Up-country Fair in Bengal that we saw "Hamlet" played by a native company, and it rounded off our fairing in an instructive and delightful way. We had gone to the Fair—the Collector and his wife and two babes, Clothilde and I—because the Collector had been asked to open it, and the rest of us wanted to go. We travelled by means of one tonga, four ponies, and two elephants, one of the elephants acting as perambulator when the tonga got stuck at particularly bad bits of the road. We did the forty miles in two days, which is good travelling for Bengal, especially as we got a leopard on the road. Speaking exactly the leopard was off the road about three hundred yards, in a grass jungle. A little cloud of vultures circling over it, waiting for it to finish its meal, gave us the clue to its whereabouts. It was wounded by the first bullet, and made a spring for Clothilde's legs, Clothilde being on the pad of our second elephant, but it missed its spring, and the next shot finished it.

Apart from the leopard, the dust was the most noticeable thing on the road, especially as we drew near to the Fair in the afternoon of the second day. If there had been any wind we should have been buried by the dust. Two hundred acres of sandy sun-baked plain crowded with street after street of

booths, alive with a hundred thousand natives, and countless elephants, camels, cattle, and ponies. That was the Fair, and the whole air tingled with the dust of it, and we gulped it down red-hot from the sun as we rode in. Doctor Johnson never drank at a sitting more tea than I did when we arrived at the Dak bungalow.

From its veranda there was plenty of Fair life to be seen without stirring. Bhutaneses, sturdy pig-tailed buccaneers, rode past driving before them a herd of their shaggy little ponies—the sort Bengali sub-inspectors of police love to acquire and ride, partly because they have superbly flowing manes and tails, partly because they can be cantered twenty miles without stopping under an Indian sun. These ponies, like Nicholas Nickleby at Dotheboys Hall, are remarkable for their straight legs. The ordinary Bengali tat, ridden or burdened from its cradle, never has straight legs, and an Englishman told me of one he had borrowed for the day whose legs were set at such weird angles that it could not stand up till he got on its back. Then his weight pressed them in the directions necessary for balance, and it went with spirit after dacoits. After the Bhutaneses, and swallowing their dust, would go bullock-carts bringing merchants' wares, the drivers walking:

then, perhaps, the merchant himself, magnificent on a tat going cuddam, bath-slippers on feet that nearly touched the ground, and no stirrups. It is a curious pace, this cuddam, and I do not know if it obtains outside of India. The pony using it seems to flicker or shiver along, and there is no more motion for its rider than for a lady in a bath-chair. It is eminently suited for the Babu, being both slow and comfortable, and I take it that the nearest English equivalent to it was the amble of the monks of Chaucer's time on their way to Canterbury.

Then a north-country man would go by on a camel, and some local zemindar would trot his native devil-eared horse past us as fast as it would go, in the hope that we were watching and admiring. We did watch for a time, and afterwards Clothilde and I set out for the Fair. The formal opening was to be next day, but we wanted to see it by ourselves first, and without ceremony. The desire was a vain one. Almost before we had passed the gate leading in, we were sighted by a policeman, who either wished to earn merit or to assert a brief authority. At any rate, he constituted himself our vanguard, and after that, peace and privacy were impossible. Authority in this country—where, according to the Babu, liberty calls loudly to the soul of every man—is not regarded as a means to an end. It is an end in itself and a veritable passion. If a Bengali sees a chance of bullying he will take it, and his fellows will accept the part of victims with almost equal ardor. Our way through the Fair, crowded though it was, was clear enough, since we only wanted to stroll along examining the booths at our leisure. But the policeman would not have it so. To left or to right he would dart, shoving some poor unfortunate who might conceivably have been in our way had we been going that way. The person shoved

would seek credit by shoving the man nearest him, who would shove the next, who would shove a boy, who would shove a smaller boy. Nobody seemed to mind. Indeed they all seemed to enjoy it except ourselves, who wanted peace instead of this hurly-burly, and could not command the policeman in his native tongue. We were rescued by coming across Mr. Chundar.

I had met Mr. Chundar once before. He was a middle-aged Bengali Babu, engaged as estate agent and general factotum to the Rajah upon whose grounds the Fair was held. Under Mr. Chundar's regis the Fair took shape, and he was responsible for its success or failure. But his chief glory was that he was a Barrister-at-law of—so far as I remember—the Middle Temple. Barristers-at-law in this country enjoy a certain dignity and distinction. Mr. Chundar also enjoyed what dignity a solar topi and a frock-coat and trousers might give him. But it was some years since he had trod the Middle Temple, and I suppose that he had forgotten that with a frock-coat one used not to wear in the Middle Temple an old pair of white canvas shoes with the laces unfastened, nor such a deprecatingly hang-dog smile. Perhaps responsibility did not weigh upon him then. Now, he went in terror of the Rajah and the Rajah's mother and the Rajah's brother and the two-year-old light-chocolate heir of the Rajah. To all of these, and to anybody else whom it seemed well to propitiate, he presented a cowed appearance which was—for a Barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple—unusual and even disconcerting. I know he disconcerted the Collector. When I discussed Mr. Chundar later with that official, he declined to see the humorous side of him. He said that it was revolting that Babus should be granted what is known in Bengal to be an English distinction, in order that they may qualify as upper servant to

a sprig of Bengal nobility. He said that if Benchers realized the kind of work undertaken by the natives they admit as barristers, they would devise some means of preventing this honorable degree from being granted to creatures (I am afraid he said creatures) who can do nothing but lower it (and with it the idea of English honors generally) in the mind of his fellow-countrymen. There is something in this view. There are, I believe, Bengali Babus—barristers-at-law—employed by Zemindars who can afford them just in order that their legal attainments may be held as a menace over oppressed and recalcitrant tenants. As though some swindling financier in this country should perpetually retain a leading K.C. to terrorize ruined shareholders from seeking redress.

Thus may our Western watchdogs of the law be turned into wolves—in frock-coats and old white tennis-shoes with the laces undone.

All the same, we were grateful for the appearance of Mr. Chundar at that point in the Fair, for he spoke English, and though he did not sympathize with us, and appeared to be a little shocked by our desire for peace and privacy, he did, when I insisted, rid us of the policeman. Left to ourselves, we went up and down the booths. It was essentially a country Fair—a Fair for the ryot,—and though there were some local industries represented, "Made in Birmingham" or "Made in Germany" stared at one from most of the stuffs and wares. Not so with the animals, of course. Neither Frankfurt nor Birmingham can produce live elephants or camels, and the ponies were all native. Fairly good elephants were to be had for about two thousand rupees. The camels were poor and thin. The keen Northerners had not brought of their best to this Southron market. We saw more of these animals on the following day, for after the opening cere-

mony we were escorted to a small circular racecourse, set in the middle of the Fair, to witness some camel races. When I say "we," I mean the Collector and friends and Rajah and suite. We took our seats on a set of drawing-room furniture upholstered in green brocaded satin, which had been brought from the Rajah's house and placed ready for us under a canopy. A local band was also ready for us, and struck up "God save the King" as soon as we appeared. The tune was sonorously rendered, but the bandsmen had not that *esprit de corps* that some conductors insist on, and several of the musicians wandered into other tunes that may have been more beautiful but did not tone in.

Perturbed, perhaps, by the music, the first contingent of camels, four in number, refused to start. Their riders did their best, and the Barrister-at-law, in his white tennis-shoes, addressed them at some length, at first imperiously and then with tears in his eyes, but the camels would not budge, and had to be withdrawn.

Graceful conversation by the Rajah carried us over this little hitch, and the second line of camels was brought forward. Again the band struck up, and again the camels exhibited a puritanical objection to racing. The Barrister-at-law became frantic; he skipped in his tennis-shoes and waved his arms commandingly. His efforts were useless. The bandsmen, entranced by this struggle of wits between the Babu and the beasts, strayed into all sorts of keys and tunes, some of them forgetting to play altogether. Suddenly three of the camels started. For some ten yards they ran a neck-and-neck race; then two of them hit their shins against the hurdles between which they were racing, and collapsed like a pack of cards. There is nothing goes down so dramatically and so completely as a camel. The third creature was made of sterner

stuff. Annoyed by being compelled to start, and enraged by the strains of the band, the brute, without stopping, turned his head right round and made maddened efforts to eat its rider. It was an interesting sight, the unfortunate rider slipping farther and farther back to escape that long snarling neck, the camel galloping *ventre à terre*, with its head serpentine round, and its nose and lips all mixed in a spitting, biting fury. It was better than a race; it was a duel, and we watched it fascinated. Would the camel complete the circle without devouring its rider, or would the latter, by deft tugging, bring it to a stop? The unexpected happened. Rider and camel both being taken up by their internecine strife, forgot that their course lay between hurdles, and in the midst of a peculiarly vicious snap lost their direction and knocked a hurdle down. For a moment the camel paused, startled by the noise and the presence of the excited onlookers. Then perceiving directly in front of it the Rajah and ourselves—a strange and offensive group—it came straight at us, screaming with passion. With remarkable presence of mind we all rose at once and placed the drawing-room suite between ourselves and the infuriated beast.

Another six paces and it would be on us. The band had ceased to play, the crowd hummed with suppressed horror. In the distance I saw the Barrister-at-law awaiting with horror-struck eyes and clasped hands the inevitable catastrophe. Then with a super-human effort the rider gave a last tug at the rope-bridle, and the camel fell in folds before us.

"I think he ought to get the prize," said the Collector's wife to the Rajah, as we reseated ourselves with all the dignity possible under the circumstances. The Rajah smiled courteously, and said that the camel was an animal uncertain to ride, but useful, especially

in the North. Still, he cast a menacing look at Mr. Chundar when that Barrister-at-law came up to regret the unfortunate issue of the camel race, and to consult his Honor as to whether this camel, as having kept its feet longest, was to be adjudged the victor, or whether it should be disqualified, as having maliciously made for his Honor's party with intent to damage. The Collector's wife decided sportingly in favor of the fighting camel, and the band seized this moment to give us "God save the King" again. To restore us we had tea and cake of the wedding pattern handed round, and after that we inspected the prize-winning cattle. The prize cow gave two and a half quarts of milk, and the second gave two, and their prize-worthiness was not wholly apparent to the naked eye. But the idea of the prizes, which was to encourage the cattle industry in the district, was an excellent one, I thought, until the English policeman told me that the prize-winners this year were the same as last, and belonged to the Rajah's own tenants, for the reason that they could be made to give back the prizes (presented by the Rajah in rupees) more promptly and easily than could the tenants of outsiders.

I hoped that this was cynicism, and since I had eaten the Rajah's salt, in the shape of wedding-cake, I felt sure that it must be. No doubt there is a temptation in Bengal to appear charitable without being so. There is a temptation in all countries but Bengal has its peculiar variety. How? It is a vast place, with many landholders in it, all filled with an amiable desire to distinguish themselves. In order to become distinguished under the British Raj it is well to assist the common-weal in some form. Charity, such as is involved in the offering of prize-money for cattle-breeding, is a simple and straightforward form of assisting the common-weal. But suppose that you

are but a poor man, though a landholder. Why, then be charitable still, but drop the straightforwardness. It is just as simple not to be straightforward. Give the prize-money as before, but see that you get it back again. If that is too extreme a thing to do, and it is, there are many other ways in which charity in Bengal works out a little less simply than it is supposed to do. You will perhaps meet a rich Zemindar who puts down his name for a large donation to some well-advertised and well-advertising public work, and forgets to forward the cheque when called upon. Another will send a generous yearly subscription—for the first year only.

I seem to be wandering from the Fair, and the chief event in it, which was the performance of "Hamlet." It took place later in the day, beginning at eight o'clock, and lasting until after midnight. It was a Command performance, to which the Rajah had invited us, and it was therefore not to be witnessed without due ceremonies. We had "God save the King" as we entered, and were ushered by the Barrister-at-law to the drawing-room suite in green brocade satin from which we had been privileged to watch the camel-fight. It was now the front row of the stalls in the big marquee that constituted the theatre. We had "God save the King" about two minutes later, when the Rajah and party entered, and someone explained to me that this loyal repetition of our National air was due to the fact that we should of course rise for it at the moment of the Rajah's entrance, and the Bengali audience would thereby be made to think that we stood up to acknowledge the greatness and superiority of that small Indian potentate.

Hardly were we all seated when Clothilde and I, being less experienced than the rest, leapt from our seats as a bomb exploded one pace from us, fol-

lowed by two more in swift succession. They were, of course, only salutes—tributes to our combined importance,—but they left me somewhat deaf for the rest of the evening. I cannot say I was sorry for this, because of the orchestra. The orchestra was composed of two players. It was not the band of the morning, that had made the camels so restive. That band was somewhere outside, and was only used when "God save the King" was required. The inside orchestra consisted of (1) a harmonium-player on the left wing of the stage; (2) a tom-tom player on the right. For many minutes that evening these two monopolized our attention. The harmonium-player was a young, slim Bengali in a coat and *dhoti*, patent-leather shoes, and what used to be called in England a polo cap—a brown, pork-ple-shaped cap set jauntily on one side of his head. His action on the harmonium was inimitably careless and graceful. No European master, I venture to think, has ever expressed such contemptuous mastery over his instrument. He would play it with one hand, daringly, as a novice rides a bicycle to show off to a friend, while with the other he fetched betel from his waistband and transferred it to his mouth; or he would, in an ecstasy of abandonment, crash both fists on to the harmonium, crossing the keyboard and coming back again before one could stiffen one's muscles to bear it. I have not heard a musician like him either before or since. I am not skilled in music, nor do I know the Indian notation. But one is accustomed to regard the harmonium as a sober instrument. Conceive it in all its long-drawn, reverberating fulness attacked by something as wild as a jungle-cat, as heavy as a jungle-boar, and you have some idea of the excruciating sounds which that young man in the polo cap extracted from it. Compared with him the tom-tom player—a square person,

who sat on a small kitchen-table, with his bare feet protruding into the stalls—was a soothing nonentity. When he played his loudest—which he often did—he only slightly subdued the nerve stretching ululations of the harmonium player. Moreover, they rarely combined or got on to their stroke together. I could not make out the rules, but I fancy they played when they felt like it. When the harmonium was too intent on betel-chewing to play up, the tom-tom droned away for a few minutes. When the harmonium, refreshed by the leaf, dashed himself at the most discordant notes he could find, the tom-tom took a breathing-space. Sometimes, like two omnibus-drivers moved to rivalry, they raced one another on their respective instruments, but there was never any question as to which won. The tom-tom was distinctly second fiddle.

What—it may be asked—had this orchestra to do with "Hamlet"? What—as far as that goes—has any orchestra to do with "Hamlet"? As a matter of fact, this pair was pretty busily engaged, for "Hamlet" in Bengali is—if I may attempt a definition—a musical tragedy of imbrogllo. Whenever the action palled (and there was lots of action) one of the players sang a song—not so much accompanied by the orchestra as defied by it. Hamlet himself was the only man that had a chance against the harmonium, and that was due to the penetratingly nasal quality of his voice. Again, I have never heard any one so nasal as Hamlet. He reminded me sometimes of a Swiss yodeler heard near by; sometimes of a Venetian boatman singing "Funicoli-funicola" on the water outside one's window. He never reminded me of Hamlet.

Here, before I enlarge upon the acting, I will set down, act by act, the programme of the play, of which the plot was specially printed for us in English,

so that we might understand. "The plot in short," it is called. It lies before me as I write, I give it as printed.

The first scene opens with the King chatting with the Queen in a room in the castle. He then feels drowsy and subsequently falls asleep; whereupon, the Queen sends for her husband's brother Farrukh and induces him to drop poison in his ear. The King dies of its effects, and the Queen gives out, importunately attributing the cause to a serpent's bite. Jahangir mourns his father's death and Akhtar, his friend and associate, comforts him.

This, it will be observed, is Shakespeare, though not in the order we know it. Liberties have been taken, but what actors have not taken them? The point to be noticed is that the plot serves India admirably. Look at the Queen importunately attributing her husband's death to a serpent's bite. It is thoroughly Bengali. Official returns of to-day attribute an enormous proportion of deaths among natives to snake-bite; individuals say that the variety of snake is a human one. Anyhow, the pit understands. Jahangir is, of course, Hamlet. In his make-up he conformed to the English tradition so far as to wear Hamlet's black cloak. Otherwise he was an innovator. He wore rowing shorts, puttees, and a pair of football boots; also a big pistol in his girdle, such as highwaymen used to carry, and, fully exposed like a decoration, a large gun-metal watch and chain over his heart. We supposed at first from its calibre that the watch was merely a decoration, but this was not the case. It had a dramatic value too. You remember the famous lines in Act. III.—

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on.

Well, Hamlet wanted to make quite sure that it was the very witching time of night when he could drink hot blood, and he consulted the gun-metal watch accordingly. There was a pleasing accuracy about this that seems to indicate that the actor took the view that Hamlet's madness was only feigned.

What with the watch and the pistol, Hamlet's was a sporting rather than a historical make-up, and I think Akhtar (Horatio) was rather envious of it. He was somewhat of a Job's comforter, but nothing was likely to quell Hamlet's mourning. In Bengal it had to be of a pristine ceremonial order. There was no possible doubt about its intensity. He simply "waked" his Father, and, with the assistance of the harmonium, approached the banshee at its best. One felt that some action was bound to ensue, and Act II. was in the circumstances a little disappointing. Here is the syllabus of it—

At the opening of the second act Farrukh in court putting on the guise of anxiety for Jahangir's safety shows concerns and enquires. Mansoor the Wazirzada falls in love with Meharbano. Suleman enters and a conversation passes on. Akhtar recounts the accident of the grave to Suleman. Seeing Jahangir entering, Suleman withdraws. Akhtar questions Jahangir who confides him with the disclosure. Mansoor in frenzy declares his love for her.

"Her" is, of course, Meharbano or Ophelia. The chief interest of this act consisted in the introduction of the characters new to Shakespeare. Mansoor the Wazirzada was the most important in rank, but Suleman was more important dramatically. He was, so to speak, the Shakespearian clown Indianized. Later he became the First Gravedigger. The thing about him was that he was a black man, not a brown one. That was the comedy of him. The audience laughed when they saw

him. Everything he said was a joke. I could not make out quite what his relations were to the other characters, but I do not think they greatly mattered. The clown may enter anywhere. He gives relief, and in this act one was grateful for relief. The acting was all very emotionally pronounced, and the harmonium was at his most energetic.

With next scene we come to a room where the Queen is seen merrymaking with Farrukh. Then enters Humayun the Lord Chamberlain who, soon after, is despatched to console the Prince. The Queen, then, gives publicity to her union with Farrukh. Meanwhile the Wazir tries to solace the Prince who hears him with flightiness and cynical disdain, and pours forth in soliloquy his horror at his Mother's marriage.

"Soliloquy" hardly expresses the prolonged and rampant vocalism to which Hamlet, undeterred by the harmonium and the tom-tom, treated us. But here again, of course, his horror had to be very great. Not only was his Queen Mother marrying her husband's murderer, but she was remarrying; and to a Hindu Hamlet a widow's marriage would justify any outburst. The Queen's action represented shamelessness and passion, or was supposed to; but none of the women in the play showed any emotion comparable with that of the men. It would not have been proper, or presumably like real life. This took away a good deal of the interest of Ophelia, who had her chance in Act IV., as the programme shows—

Meharbano's giving went to her love for Jahangir. Her maids-of-honor soothing her. Jahangir's going to his Father's grave. Akhtar's and Suleman's oversighting him. The opening of the grave. The appearing of the Ghost and informing him of his death.

Meharbano gave, it seemed to me, the very meekest possible "went" to her love for Jahangir, and her maids-of-

honor had little or no difficulty in soothing her, though they spread their consolations over a considerable period. Meharbano was a small artiste, with the voice of a field-mouse. She had on a cherry-colored satin dress, which reached barely to her knees, and—with a view to captivating Hamlet, no doubt—a pair of European black stockings. No shoes. The exceedingly loose fit of the stockings led to an unintentional piece of by-play at one point. She was giving "went" to her love by squeezing a tiny pocket-handkerchief, of which she made a good deal of use throughout, passing it through her fingers and laying it on her breast, when she accidentally dropped it. In Bengal, when you drop a thing, there is no bothering to stoop and pick it up. You use your foot. One of the courtiers—not very courteously—nudged Ophelia, and pointed to the fallen handkerchief. Absent-mindedly she put out one big toe at it gracefully, half raised it, and then had the mortification of seeing it fall again. She had forgotten her stockings, prisoned in which her prehensile toe had lost its cunning. She had to bend down to get it. If this act gave Ophelia her opportunity, it also gave Hamlet his—at the graveside. That was after the appearance of the Ghost, who looked, it must be allowed, more English than the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, and had a fairly good speaking part. Roused by his tale, Hamlet did a sword-dance, preparatory to taking vengeance. It was a great effort, that dance, lasting roughly for ten minutes, Hamlet doing Indian clubs with his sword, and shrieking at the top of his voice throughout. The young man at the harmonium appeared to be really moved by it, and, as it were, challenged Hamlet to musical combat. The conclusion was a foregone one. Hamlet did his best, and it was a good best, but a man cannot contend with a harmonium indefinitely. The young in-

strumentalist reduced Hamlet to a hoarse impotence in the end, and went on by himself for a minute or two, just to show what an agony of organ notes the harmonium can give forth when the master wills it. After this, Act. V., though full of incident, seemed in its way quiet. The following events took place—

Mansoor's and Sahelin's jesting with each other in the way. His going in the garden with their help. Declaring his love to Meharbano. Her declining. Coming of Jahangir and his killing Mansoor. Coming of everyone in the Tamasagah. Farrukh and Jahangir witnessing performance. The death of all.

The programme is not perfectly clear. As far as I remember, it was Mansoor who got into the garden "with their help." Anyhow he was in the garden, and Jahangir came and killed him. He killed him by coming up behind and shooting him in the back with a shiny new rook rifle. Someone must have given Jahangir the rook rifle at the end of Act IV., perhaps instead of a bouquet. I feel sure he had not possessed it before, or he would have brought it on. The wound produced by it, besides being mortal, was of a very painful nature, and Mansoor depicted it with consummate skill. Indeed, apart from Hamlet's sword-dance, and the death of all, which followed later, there was nothing more appreciated by the audience. On the English stage deaths are for the most part swift, if dramatic. In Italian opera they take longer very often, but the efforts of the artistes are concentrated rather upon getting their notes out successfully than upon depicting the postures and writhings in unduly harrowing last throes. Singers are too careful of themselves, and, as a rule, too stout to writhe convincingly. There were no such disabilities here. Mansoor had set a sublime example, and all, when

death came upon them, strove to equal his performance. I do not know why the death of all occurred, but it did so quite suddenly—I should say, it began to do so quite suddenly,—and, though it came in the form of the poison cup, pistol shots, and the stab of a dagger, it came with similar lingering, writhing, hair-raising preliminaries. Ophelia retained her breath the longest, and there was in her end a distinct touch of the star actress. She had stabbed herself in good time with a very large stage dagger wrought of wood and silver paper which puckered, but she reserved her death for the last. She allowed about a quarter of an hour for the others to writhe, and then staggered to the front and was about to fall. A difficulty presented itself. The stage was so packed with the dead bodies that space adequate for the decease of the heroine was lacking, at any rate in the front. Ophelia showed the practical common-sense that has before now distinguished artistes. Nothing daunted by the affair of the handkerchief, she again used her foot to kick one of the crowd in the ribs. With one of those convulsive spasms that have been known to occur even after death, he jerked himself to one side. Hamlet was the other too forward corpse, but a poke in his ribs enabled him to perform the same phenomenon. Then Ophelia could really abandon herself to die, and did so. . . .

There was sustained applause from
Blackwood's Magazine.

the whole theatre, particularly from the front row of the stalls, and, after it was over, Mr. Chundar, who had been busy between the acts handing us chocolate and biscuits, came up to find out what we thought of the performance.

"You like it? You think it was well acted?" he asked us, smiling, but with an anxious eye on the Rajah at the same time.

We all declared that we liked it immensely, and that it had been acted very finely indeed, and Mr. Chundar's smile expanded and expanded. Only the Rajah had yet to speak, and he, judging that we had been pleased and satisfied, and that none of the failure attaching to the camel races could be assigned to this performance, said with complacency, "Yes. It was well acted. You shall tell the company that they did well." And he added courteously to me, who sat on one side of him, "It is a good little play. Yes."

Next moment the band outside struck up "God save the King" for positively the last time, and to these loyal strains we walked out into the Bengal night. It was a lovely night. The stars glittered from a black velvet sky, and in the starlight, as we drove back, we could see the shrouded Bengalis shuffling home along the dusty road. Though we had, all of us, been seeing Shakespeare's "Hamlet," I had the strange feeling that we were moving in some time and place that were pre-Shakespearian.

R. E. Vernède.

THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

After all Michael did not have to dine at his club while his women-folk ate tinned tongue. His business was one that often sent him here and there suddenly, and while the kitchen stove was

repaired he went to Manchester. Mr. and Mrs. West, the people who had done so much for him in his youth, were both dead, but a recently-married daughter was living in a suburb of the city, and he saw her several times.

From her he got the name and address of two maiden ladies who lived in Paris and would receive Selma. Mrs. Tyrell had stayed with them herself, and spoke of them with warm affection. Michael had an uncomfortable suspicion that people who liked Mrs. Tyrell might not like Selma, and that maiden ladies lovingly described as "rather old-world, you know, and Cranfordy" might only rouse his sister's impatience. But he had seen enough of life to understand that, as a subject of prophecy, nothing is more unsafe than the likes and dislikes of other people for their fellows. He decided, therefore, to tell Selma that if she chose to spend six months in this household he would pay her expenses, and the only condition he meant to make was that she should not move elsewhere without his knowledge and approval.

Michael certainly was old-fashioned, chivalrous, rather quixotic—what Selma called a *Phillistine*. He held that he had a duty towards his young sisters, that he was bound to protect them, and that unfortunately Selma required protection against herself. Her ideas seemed to him the cheapest clap-trap; the scum of some insane and sordid philosophy to which the windbags who dazzled her gave a specious air of modern thought. It troubled him to think that the headstrong girl might act on them and then find her world in pieces, and that he was the only person to see the danger and try to prevent it. If Mrs. Severin had been of tougher fibre they might have stood together and saved Selma without any appearance of masculine authority, which was what she seemed most to resent. But Selma knew she could have persuaded her mother into anything if Michael had not been there, so that all her anger was directed against him and his oppressive sex.

He got home by a late train, having had dinner on the way. When he

reached the Crescent he saw that there were still lights in the drawing-room, so when he had paid his cab and put down his bag he went in there. Mrs. Severin sat by herself over a dying fire, half asleep it seemed, wearing one of her wrapperlike garments, and with her hair rather dishevelled by the wear and tear of the day. She started at the sound of the door, blinked stupidly at Michael, then woke more completely and got up to welcome him. A small table was set near the fire with whisky and soda and neatly cut sandwiches, and it was not necessary to tell Michael that Camilla had prepared them for him.

"She wanted to stay up and see you," said Mrs. Severin, "but I persuaded her to go to bed. The poor child is tired out."

"Has there been so much for her to do?" said Michael, sitting down and beginning to eat his sandwiches; for he had dined early, and was hungry again.

"There has been no end to it," said Mrs. Severin, "what with the mess in the kitchen and what with Selma."

"Selma?"

"Haven't you had my letter, sent last night to Manchester?"

"No," said Michael. "I left Manchester early this morning. I had to be in Crewe for a few hours."

"I suppose that's how it is," said Mrs. Severin.

"But what about Selma?"

"She has gone to Paris. I told you she would. My children are so self-willed."

Michael's face changed.

"How could she go without money?" he asked.

"I let her have some. The moment you were gone she was at me morning, noon, and night, so in the end when this chance came I gave in. I told her I was breaking my promise to you, but she did not seem to mind that. She vowed that if I did not help her she would throw herself into the canal, and

I could not sleep for thinking of it. Such things do happen, and they happen to people like Selma, who would rather die than not get what they want."

As usual, his mother's curious mixture of acumen, weakness, affection, and indifference was bewildering to Michael, who looked at things with steadier eyes. He could imagine how persistently Selma had set herself to overcome her mother's scruples, and that Mrs. Severin had yielded partly because she was afraid of driving the girl to extremes.

"What chance do you mean?" he asked. "Where has she gone?"

"That is the satisfactory part. It came quite suddenly through Mauldeth's shameful treatment of her. A fellow student who heard him break out and is going to Paris because he can teach her nothing asked Selma to go with her."

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Hyde, the daughter of a barrister and a friend of the Walsinghams," said Mrs. Severin proudly.

That sounded so "respectable" that Michael smiled, but he began to feel relieved.

"But where have they gone?" he asked. "Mrs. Tyrell told me of two ladies with whom she stayed. She said it was like home."

"Then you would never have got Selma there. There is no word that fills her with greater horror. She says it covers every form of tyranny and boredom."

"Well, where has she gone?" said Michael, who was never as much impressed as he should have been by Selma's social tirades.

"They have gone to a *pension*—one recommended to Miss Hyde."

"Where is it?"

"Somewhere near the Etolle—miles from Deminski. I asked about that, because I knew you would wish it. I

think it is all right, Michael. Miss Hyde is very plain and rather elderly, and I begged her not to let Selma go out alone."

Michael asked a few more questions and then went to bed, on the whole with a feeling of relief. Provided that Selma was safe, he could only rejoice both on his own account and hers that she had gone. Life at the corner house promised to be peaceful for the first time since he had known it, and he found in fact that Camilla and he settled down to those humdrum ways your spirit never finds weary if it can light them with its own flame. He came back now from his day's work to see his young sister on the hearth, ready either to hear of his adventures or to narrate her own with the keen interest and cheerfulness that give value to the little pleasures of life, a value out of all relation to their importance. Sometimes they just sat by the fire and talked; sometimes Camilla sang; sometimes they went out together to a concert or a play. Michael enjoyed good music and acting with a fullness of pleasure that half disturbed him. The depths they touched in him seemed to separate him from his own world and carry him for the time into that world he had cast from him—one of artistic emotion and excitement, lacking the harder qualities men ask of men. At such moments, when music thrilled every fibre in him with ecstasy and fed his senses with a joy he could hardly distinguish from pain because it was so poignant, he sat like a man turned to stone, outwardly rigid, inwardly on fire. Camilla understood, he thought, for she never spoke when the last notes died, but waited till earth broke in again and fetched his spirit down. She loved music too, but she loved it with the weight of her nature, and that was not in the balance with Michael's. There was no smouldering fires behind her dovelike eyes.

One evening when they were at the Queen's Hall the two stalls beyond Michael were empty during several numbers of the programme. The first part ended with the prelude to the *Götterdämmerung*, and Michael listened as he always listened to Wagner. He did not shut his eyes, but he fixed them on his programme because that helped to shut out the world. So his head was still bent when at the finish some people came to the seats near him, and it was only when the audience began to stir that he looked up and recognized Mr. and Mrs. St. Erth. Mr. St. Erth had not taken his seat. He was standing up, and as he nodded to Michael said he was going out to smoke. He looked over his shoulder once to see if Michael had followed him, then went his way alone. Meanwhile Mrs. St. Erth was talking to the brother and sister.

Michael found, as he had done before, that the sight of her affected him like music or like wine. He could not resist the attraction or bring reason into it, or do anything but feel afraid and at the same time find a mighty joy in it. This was the second time he had seen her, and she wore white again and diamonds as beautiful as light or dew, and ermine fine enough for a king's daughter. On her, furs and jewels became the setting of her delicate, vivid beauty; Michael could not see whether she wore silver shoes to-night, but he thought she looked like a princess out of a fairy tale—a princess who sleeps on a moonbeam and never stoops except in dreams to the sons of men. It only carried on the fairy tale to remember that an ogre had some power over her. Mrs. St. Erth, while she talked to the brother and sister, felt the shackles of the ogre, for when she saw Michael again the clash of pleasure and pain that troubled him troubled her too. But she was warned by no danger signals in these early hours of acquaint-

anceship, and desired to see more of two people who both attracted her. For she discovered that Camilla was charming and that Camilla adored her brother. When the ogre came back Mrs. St. Erth looked at him before she spoke, because experience had made her weather-wise. She knew when a storm was brewing. But even ogres have their milder moods, and as Mr. St. Erth strolled back to his seat he saw that Camilla was an extremely pretty girl. So when his wife asked in a whisper if she might invite Michael and Camilla to the house, he said in a tone of snarling rebuke that it ought to have been done long ago, and that it was her business to attend to such things.

"Ask them to dinner," he said in a tone of command.

"When?" said Madeline, her eyes alight with pleasure. "But perhaps I ought to call first."

"Rubbish! Ask them now and call afterwards."

So in the next interval Madeline delivered her husband's invitation, wondering what Michael would think of its coming so suddenly and so belated. But she knew that a man who worked with her husband must have some experience of his morose, capricious, temper. Michael, in accepting the invitation, did not betray what he thought of it, but after consulting Camilla he said that they could not come just yet.

"There is some difficulty about a dress," he said, glancing from one young woman to the other.

"I haven't one," said Camilla frankly; "I've never been out to dinner before."

"But can't you go to a shop to-morrow and buy one?" said Michael.

Camilla looked at Mrs. St. Erth as if to ask whether such things could be done.

"Come to lunch with me to-morrow."

said Mrs. St. Erth. "We will go to my dressmaker together. She will find something."

"That's very kind of you," said Michael, and fixed the engagement then and there, while Camilla listened, horror-struck, but too shy to speak her mind.

"Michael," she exclaimed, directly they were in a hansom together on their way home, "you don't know what you've done."

"What have I done?"

"Said I was to go to Mrs. St. Erth's dressmaker. *Mrs. St. Erth's dressmaker!* I don't believe she has one. I believe her fairy godmother brings her magic nuts and she breaks one, and out comes a lovely shimmering cobweb and she wears it. All the dressmakers in the world will never make me look like Mrs. St. Erth."

"She is pretty," said Michael, whose heart leapt to find that Camilla saw the enchanted lady with his eyes.

"Pretty!" cried Camilla. "Pretty! what a word! You might as well call a cloud pretty, or a poem. When you see any one like that you don't use any stupid words about them as all. You just remember them . . . all over you. But about the dressmaker. You have no idea. She will be ruinous."

"Never mind for once," said Michael.

So Camilla went to lunch with Mrs. St. Erth next day and on to the dressmaker, and it was a man dressmaker she found, who had lovely things ready to slip on. A stitch here and a nip there, and behold Camilla, too, looking as if a magic nut had opened for her. Like Bob, she went back to the corner house full of Mrs. St. Erth. When the night of the dinner came she hoped no one had been asked to meet them, because then Michael and she would have the lady of the house to themselves.

"Mr. St. Erth doesn't count," she said.

"Oh, doesn't he?" said Michael.

It was Camilla's first formal venture into the world, and when they were shown into a drawing-room full of people she felt inclined to run away. But these awful moments have to be surmounted, and Mrs. St. Erth helped the girl by taking her to a seat comfortably near other people and bringing up to her a fresh-faced, talkative young middy, a nephew of Mr. St. Erth's who was staying in the house, and who was to take her in to dinner.

While he babbled she regained her self-possession, and began to look about the room. There seemed to be about seventeen people present, and now the party was completed by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham with Clara. Directly after they came Mr. St. Erth took down an elderly lady who wore ropes of pearls and diamonds with a white lace gown that was priceless, but as a garment insufficient.

"That's Mrs. Quantock," whispered Camilla's midddy, who by this time considered Camilla "ripping," and was anxious, seeing that she knew no one, to act as show-master.

"Who is Mrs. Quantock?" whispered Camilla, looking with awe at the lady's jewels and with wonder at her shoulders.

"The richest woman in England—Quantock's Syrup—Qualls Pain. Don't you know the posters?"

"Oh—yes," said Camilla. "Is that all?"

"All!" said the boy, leading Camilla down just behind Michael and Clara. "If I had a week of Mrs. Quantock's income I'd never do a day's work again."

"What a thing to say!" exclaimed Camilla.

"That good-looking chap in front of us is the new partner—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Camilla.

"I can't get the hang of his name—ought to be Severn, but isn't; but he ain't foreign—he's all right; my brother

was at Winchester with him. That girl with him is his partner's daughter; her family and mine are going to be united in holy matrimony shortly—her sister and my brother. Here we are. Now where'll our places be?—Let's make a shot for the middle."

The middy was right; and when they were settled Camilla showed him her name written on a card and explained her relationship to Michael.

"No wonder he's good-looking," was the middy's ingenuous comment, and by the end of dinner every one at the table knew that Camilla had made a conquest.

"How charming your sister looks to-night," said Clara, when she had watched Camilla for some time and seen that her manners bore scrutiny as well as her face and gown.

"She is the only one at home now," said Michael.

Clara looked charming too, and she was taking great pains to captivate Michael. She knew how to talk agreeably of anything and everything, and she always gave Michael a sense of smoothness and security. "Life is the easiest affair," she seemed to say to him. "Come live with me and sail peacefully on the waters of worldly prosperity. I promise you that they shall never be moved by storms. We will recognize nothing that is disagreeable and stop for nothing that would disturb our comfort. The world is a place where people like ourselves sleep softly, dress beautifully, speak prettily, and fill the days with nice observances, light duties, and pleasures

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that suit our tastes. The men of our world work, many of them work hard, but they keep their work behind the scenes. The women of our world have a delightful time, and repay you by being as attractive and amiable as I am myself."

"Where is your other sister?" Clara asked, "the one who paints."

"She is in Paris," said Michael. "She went with some one you know—a Miss Hyde."

"Agnes Hyde?" said Clara. "Yes, she is in Paris, I believe."

"Do you know her well?" asked Michael, for Clara's tone was not promising.

"Oh, we know her for a crank," said Clara.

"What sort of a crank?"

"Well, the sort that takes up with impossible people—you really never know *what* you may meet at Agnes Hyde's rooms. I should recommend you to take your sister away from her."

"I'm afraid my sister won't listen to my advice," said Michael.

"It may not last long," said Clara consolingly. "Agnes generally quarrels with people when she has fussed over them for a week or two. You hardly ever see her bosom friends twice. She must be in extremes of love and hate. I have no patience with that kind of thing. Have you?"

"With the love or the hate?"

"With extremes either way."

"Oh, as long as they last——" Michael began, and then Mrs. St. Erth looked at Mrs. Quantock, and there was an end for the moment to conversation.

(To be continued.)

THE SILLON.

The following pages aim only at presenting the history of the *Sillon* movement in its outstanding points, and as objectively as is possible to a writer who was, from the very beginning, sympathetic to it, yet never actually belonged to it.

In 1894, Marc Sangnier was finishing

his course at the Collège Stanislas. He had been exceptionally successful in his classical examinations, taking a first prize for philosophy at the *Concours Général*, but the mathematical course through which he was then passing, preparatory to entering the *Ecole Polytechnique*, was not at all to his taste, and he began to feel the restlessness habitual to the French lad who sees himself nearly out of his teens and still a schoolboy. In his case the restlessness proved fruitful.

Early in the year Marc Sangnier, considerably helped by the College Censor, Abbé Leber, obtained leave to meet once a week with a number of other boys in his form, in a big room in the college basement called the *Crypte aux Gammes*, because the boys practised there. His object was neither to found a spiritual association nor a debating society, but something—he did not care what it should be called—which would help himself and his comrades to give free play to their capabilities as Catholics and as French citizens of the morrow. The venture turned out to be a huge success, and the youthful society was soon called the *Crypte*, not only at Stanislas, but in other colleges where it was imitated as well. It was only five years after that Sangnier's friends, then become quite a little army, adopted a young magazine, the *Sillon*, as their organ and gradually lost their original name.

In the meanwhile Marc Sangnier had served a year in a regiment at Versailles, spent two years at the *Ecole Polytechnique* as pupil, and another year as officer in a regiment of engineers at Toul. At the end of 1898, seeing that his influence and the number of his friends were constantly increasing, he had left the army and begun to devote himself entirely to his work. The present writer saw him for the first time in November 1897, still in his uniform, at a congress of Catholic university stu-

dents. His power over them was quite extraordinary, and he had already the admixture of energy and gentle gracefulness, of melancholy and good humor which make the unspeakable charm of his presence as well as of his oratory.

What had been the spirit of the *Crypte*, and what was, in a few months, to be the spirit of the *Sillon*? Sangnier's magnetism consisted, as everybody else's who ever had a power as leader and orator, in feeling in a high degree and eloquently expressing the tendencies latent in the Catholic youth that surrounded him. One word seems to sum them up: all those young men craved expansion. They were tired of being taught and fretted in advance at the prospect of being, willy-nilly, enlisted socially and religiously in regiments too old for their energies. They wanted to do a work of their own, in a spirit of their own, and under chiefs of their own choosing. They all started from the Catholic—not standpoint, which would denote a definite programme—but *animus*. They were proud of being Catholics, felt in themselves, and realized in seeing Marc Sangnier, the unbounded possibilities that a religious life offers, and wanted, not primarily to secure them for themselves, but to make them known to others. The apostolic ambition was characteristic of them from the first. However, they were conscious of the necessity of being sufficiently in possession of their own ideal to make it contagious. Hence their first appearance as *cercles d'études*—that is to say, societies for the study of religion. At the *Ecole Polytechnique*, where Sangnier had continued the work started at Stanislas, the members of the *Cercle* began with reading and studying a passage of the Gospels, after which they would discuss current objections to Christianity so as to make themselves competent to meet the outsiders they aimed at persuading. Other questions of a more political or

social character soon crept in, as the young men found that they were often silenced, the moment they opened their lips, with a disdainful assumption that Catholics could not even be republicans or admit the possibility of any social progress, and as their influence extended to the *patronages*, or Catholic Young Men's Popular Clubs, where those questions were vital. These clubs, in fact, consist mostly of Parisian clerks or skilled workmen, who generally understand the contingencies of politics and economics, and are able to discuss them with remarkable precision.

About 1903—that is to say, towards the end of the Pontificate of Leo the Thirteenth—the *Sillon* had spread to practically every part of France; it possessed a magazine, the *Sillon*, with four thousand subscribers, and a fortnightly paper, the *Eveil Démocratique*, fifty thousand copies of which easily found buyers. The four or five hundred provincial groups, though never united in a federation, met periodically, held congresses, and organized large popular meetings, which Sangnier indefatigably addressed, and to which he was not afraid of inviting the most formidable contradiction.¹ In 1905 Jules Guesde spoke at one of those meetings at Roubaix. M. Ferdinand Buisson attended many.

The period I am speaking of was that of the palmy days of the *Sillon*. It had no enemies, or, if it had any, they were afraid of appearing, and it spread like wildfire. On the other hand, the chief features of its doctrine were clearly defined and began to be embodied in various publications.² So it may be the proper place to sum them up briefly.

First of all, the *Sillon* professed to be a secular and autonomous movement. It had been so from its origin in the

Crypte aux Gammes, where the boys had insisted on being left to themselves, and had recourse to the Abbé Leber only when they were embarrassed. There was no priest at the head of the *Sillons*, and where ecclesiastics happened—especially in the provincial groups—to be members, they were called *conseillers de cercles*, and had no pre-eminence whatever. One of the *Sillon* tenets was also the independence of the secular society and its equality with the Church as far as organization—not object—was considered. Clearly Sangnier thought that his mission was to the layman, no matter how religious, not to the subject of the hierarchy. Yet the basis, or even—to use another more accurate metaphor—the spring-head of his action was his love of Christ and his belief that religion had the key to every problem. Viewed in the light of the Pope's recent *Letter to the French Bishops*, the numberless passages in which this doctrine is set forth³ undoubtedly savor of individualism, but nobody at the time seemed to protest, and Marc Sangnier received letters of approbation from practically every French Bishop and from Cardinal Rampolla. One should add that the *Sillon*-ists cared exclusively for living their Catholicism, constantly said that they had no interest in pure theology and criticism, and, in fact, that no Modernist was ever found among them. When Sangnier spoke of religion in his public speeches, and he often did, his accent had a manliness and at the same time a ring of heart-felt sincerity which struck everybody, and his friends' lives, like his own, were beautiful. Nobody can have seen the nice, intelligent-looking young men who used to sell the *Eveil Démocratique* in every part of Paris and at the doors of churches, without noticing the something indescribable which real faith alone can kindle on a human face. One could not

¹ A good many of the provincial "Sillons" also possessed a magazine of their own.

² See especially: "Le Sillon, Esprit et Methodes," by M. Sangnier; "Vie et Doctrine du Sillon," by L. Cousin.

³ See "Vie et Doctrine du Sillon," pp. 50-70.

help taking one's hat off to them.

The *Sillon* was avowedly democratic. One must remember that the policy of Leo the Thirteenth was still kept up everywhere, and many Catholics considered, and said openly, that the Pope had enjoined—not advised—loyalty to the Republican Constitution. This evidently gave considerable advantage to such convinced republicans as the Sillonists were. Democracy to them was the "organization most capable of making the private citizen conscious of his civic responsibility." Here again the general tendency towards emancipation from trammels, or only from sleepiness, which had brought about the creation of the *Crypte* was visible. The Sillonists wanted to be something in society, and, rightly or wrongly—for some Monarchists have a conception of the Monarchy which tends to the freedom of the individual—thought that their best chances were in a democracy. But the democracy should be a real democracy, and not, as they said, a Monarchy without a head, as the French Republic still is, and it was to the gradual participation of the individual in the government of the country that the democrat worthy of the name ought to tend.

Co-operation might have been the best word to sum up their social doctrine, and co-operation, again, was their solution to the economic problem. They were not Socialists; in fact, they abhorred Socialism, which means uniformity and tyranny, but they imagined economic conditions in which there would be leaders and co-operators instead of masters and men. They stood for all the social reforms like limitation of hours, old-age pensions, etc., but they dreamt of a progressive illumination of the working classes, which their daily effort was to bring,* and of their pro-

*In a hundred Sillonists, forty-six were workmen (thirty-three industrial or skilled, thirteen rural), twenty-seven were clerks, twelve in the learned professions, nine ecclesiastics, three manufacturers, and three independent.

gressive acquisition of the industries in which they were employed. The workman, instead of being a machine or a tool, should become a conscious artisan and a proprietor of his work. Practically, the *Sillon* established co-operative societies wherever they were possible.

These were the doctrines of the *Sillon* at the period when its initial effort seems to have been most successful. In April 1904 Cardinal Merry del Val wrote to the Bishop of Périgueux about the *sages initiatives* of the *Sillon*, and in September of the same year Pope Pius the Tenth himself, receiving a party of the Sillonists, gave their work unqualified praise, only recommending them to live amicably and in charity with the other young Catholics who preferred methods different from their own.

This was the first intimation of the danger which threatened the *Sillon*. Henceforward we shall have to see how it gradually diverged from its line of action into pure politics, and how these tactics, which had been meant to keep off the blame of authorities, on the contrary brought it on, and finally resulted in a condemnation.

The young Catholics with other than the *Sillon* methods, whom the Holy Father meant, were not anonymous individuals. The Pope had in his mind the *Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française*, a federation of groups immediately under episcopal guidance, and of a Conservative—when not a Royalist—tendency. There had been considerable jealousy between these and the *Sillon*, and the predilection of Leo the Thirteenth for Sangnier and his friends had long aggrieved them. But at the end of 1904 things were on the eve of a great change. The French Government was waging war against Rome, and the Separation Law, coming after the Combes excesses, inclined the new Pope towards a policy very differ-

ent from that of his predecessor. Pius the Tenth gave evidence from the very first of a deep aversion to politics as such, and of a tendency to limit himself, in everything, to the religious ground. While Leo the Thirteenth had advised or commanded union on the constitutional or Republican ground, Pius the Tenth enjoined concentration on the religious ground. This meant that he would have none of the dislike which, a short time before, the Vatican entertained for the Monarchists, and that he would look upon Republican Catholics neither with favor nor with disfavor. Politics were to become entirely foreign to the pontifical policy. This is wisdom itself, and the present writer, though personally a Republican, confesses that he liked this attitude better than that which had prompted the *ralliement*. Unfortunately, whereas the Monarchists had sulked, evaded or resisted when Leo the Thirteenth spoke, they exulted as this modification became apparent, exactly as if it had been made for their special benefit, and, in a few weeks' time, passed from the discontented sullen attitude they had preserved so long to one of triumphant obedience preparatory to aggressiveness and browbeating. The *Sillon* soon became a butt and the object of daily denunciations in papers like the *Gazette de France*, the *Libre Parole*, the *Autorité*, etc., which so far had not enjoyed a grain of credit. These attacks came mostly from priests—both Monarchist and ultra-Conservative—the typical specimen of whom is the Abbé—formerly Père—Barbier, but a polemic with Charles Maurras, the well-known theorist of the Royalist *Action Française*, drew more attention to the quarter whence the blows were dealt. Charles Maurras contended that Sangnier, as a Catholic and a Republican, was in a hopeless dilemma; the theological contributors pointed out that his democracy was against the principles

of divine right, and that his independence was an outrageous defiance of the *Motu proprio* of 1903.³ They attached considerable importance to a speech of Sanguier, who, in a debate with J. Guesde at Roubaix in 1905, had said that the capitalist industrial system was transitory and that captains of industry were bound to disappear like the feudal barons. How this rising antagonism spread to the episcopate, which had unanimously been favorable to the *Sillon*, it is not easy to show. In 1905 the pugnacious Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. Turinaz, had more than cold shouldered the *Sillon* group in his town, but this had been an isolated fact, whereas, between 1907 and 1910, the censures became as numerous as the compliments had been. The doctrines of the *Sillon* had not changed, but its adherents, passing from favor to contradiction and sometimes disgrace, were obliged to fight as well as work, and fighters will easily look rebellious. This was the case especially in Brittany, where the political divisions among the Catholics and clergy are deeper than anywhere else. The Briton bishops were the first to forbid their clergy from joining the *Sillon* or even attending its meetings. Their example was followed in various dioceses, the authorities of which warned their seminarians against the *Sillon* or requested such of their priests who acted as *conseillers de cercles* to give up intercourse with them. Sanguier never resisted, of course, but he seldom failed to expostulate, and he gradually came to be regarded as punctilious and occasionally sarcastic. A few bishops began to talk of his indiscipline and to hint at unsoundness in his Catholicism. On two occasions (in the cases of Cardinal Luçon and Bishop Campistron) a

³ A Pontifical decree defining the orthodox sense of the word Democracy, recalling Leo the Thirteenth's social doctrine, and placing the Catholics writing on social questions or promoting democratic charities under episcopal jurisdiction.

very respectable demand for positive statements was met with a flat refusal to give any.

In 1907 part of the Limoges *Sillon*, headed by a man of remarkable intelligence, the Abbé Desgranges, seceded from the Parisian *Sillon*, and I have no doubt that this affair went far to encourage the bishops who had not yet made up their minds to take proceedings. The loss of a few men, no matter their personal value, was not of material importance, but a scandalous polemic arose between M. Desgranges and Sangnier's friends, in which Marc Sangnier was described, for the first time publicly, as a swelled head and dictatorial chief who was always talking about liberty and would take no contradiction. Thousands of protests arose from men more devoted to their leader than Newman's friends ever were, and who remembered that one of the best descriptions of Sangnier's wonderful eloquence and magnetism had been given by the same M. Desgranges. But the impression left by this quarrel was decidedly bad, and we find it in an account by Abbé Ardant of an interview with Cardinal Merry del Val in September 1907. "It is sophistry," the Cardinal said, "to hint that the *Sillon* is cold-shouldered on account of its Republican and democratic tendency. One has only to remember the Encyclicals of Pius the Tenth to realize that he will never blame such views in a Young Men's Association. So much so, that if, by an impossible chance, Marc Sangnier could change his character and attitude, we would restore him to our confidence at once. But what is to be done with such a man? He has garbled all his conversations with me, changing blame into praise. I might have ruined him by a public contradiction had I not feared, by doing so, to interfere with his excellent work. To me he has been an initiator, an awakener: his very faults,

his feverish eloquence, his unruly fiery spirit, his somewhat morbid mysticism, have served him. But he is no organizer . . . he is an illuminee." From that moment this appreciation was more and more frequently heard in Conservative circles, where sobriety of judgment is made a rule of, but it did not prevent the attacks from the Royalist and so-called religious press becoming every day more furious, the effort being to represent Sangnier as a man who prostituted religion in the service of democracy and would be religious without obeying the bishops.

From that moment also Marc Sangnier, probably realizing that the tide rising against him was too strong, endeavored to shift altogether to the political ground, where he hoped to recover his freedom. At the general election of 1906 his opinion had been that no parliamentary shade corresponded to that of the *Sillon*, but the following year, after the prohibition of the Bishop of Quimper to his priests from attending the *Sillon* congress, he stated his intention of entering the political lists. Nothing in the existing parties could suit his friends, but between the Bloc to the Left and the Bloc to the Right there was room, he thought, for the Idealist Democrats who could bring together men of different religious views, united in a common wish to improve the conditions of the democracy. Gradually, without changing anything in the *Sillon*, its religious aspect became less apparent, the *Sillon* ceased to call itself a religious magazine, the creation in the near future of a daily, *La Démocratie*, was decided upon, and in 1909 Sangnier contested a seat at a by-election at Issy.

All his efforts were of no avail. The concentration which had begun in Rome five years before, and which was recommended so warmly at the last general election in May, began to find theorists in the religious press, who would leave

Sangnier no chance of escaping. Their argument was as follows: Marc Sangnier, they said, insists that he intends to confine himself exclusively to his democratic work. But what does he mean to do for the democracy? Surely make it more moral. But it is impossible to improve morals without religion. Consequently M. Sangnier must go on, whether he likes it or not, depending for his action on religion, and practically on the Church and the bishops. They also insisted that, on the strength of the *Motu proprio* of 1903, Sangnier, running charitable works like co-operative societies, could not call himself a politician, but a Christian democrat,* and, as such, had no right to break away from episcopal jurisdiction. Finally, they enlarged on the danger of his union with non-Catholics in so-called undenominational works.

Early in the present year Cardinal Merry del Val ratified the prohibition made by the Bishop of Quimper to his priests to subscribe to the *Sillon* publications, and an obscure journalist on the *Libre Parole*, M. A. Monnlot, having had the audacity to send round to all the French bishops a letter asking their opinion on the *Sillon*, could print fifty-two answers (the number of bishops is eighty-seven), some twenty of which were decidedly unfavorable. Rumors began to be circulated that, in spite of a speech of the Pope to the Rector of the Catholic University at Lille (*Ego eos non condemnabo, sed alumni tui abetineant*) in the early part of 1909, a pontifical condemnation was imminent. It was then that Archbishop Mignot, of Alby, wrote to Cardinal Andrieu three long and elaborate letters, more like theological treatises, granting the weak points of the *Sillon*, but defending it with admirable eloquence, and pointing out that behind the *Sillon* case the

liberty of Catholics in the Church of God was at issue. Archbishop Fuzet and four other bishops publicly expressed their approval of the step taken by their colleague. Shortly after, at the last congress held by the *Sillon*, Marc Sangnier solemnly declared that henceforward the groups would give up all religious action and devote themselves exclusively to politics and to their economic work. This was saving the *Sillon* by killing it, but the step did not avert the blow.

It is useless to say much of the Papal letter condemning the *Sillon*: it is in everybody's memory. Alone of all the bishops who have communicated it to their dioceses, Monseigneur Dadolle, of Dijon, seems to have felt that the doctrine set forth in it might be construed by ultra-Conservatives or by anti-Catholics as a condemnation of the Republican régime and a defence of our very crude economic system. The bishop protests against any such interpretation.

Useless also to speak of Marc Sangnier's submission. It has disappointed some writers who call themselves Christians, but all those who knew Sangnier and the *Sillon* well realized that religion and unity were a thousand times more to them than their most cherished ideas. Sangnier, in his ready and cheerful sacrifice of all that he had been founding in the last fifteen years, appears greater than he was in the high day of his success. Day after day we also read admirable letters from his provincial lieutenants to their several bishops.

These letters were received at first with considerable reserve, but Cardinal Merry del Val, having written in a kind, paternal manner to Sangnier, who had declared himself willing to give up not only the *Sillon* publications, but the daily recently founded—*La Démocratie*—the tone of the bishops changed at once, and many have already said that

*In fact the "*Motu proprio*" forbids the combination of politics with such works.

the Sillonists in their charge had always set the best example.

The *Royalist Gazette de France* had hinted that the condemnation of the *Sillon* reflected on Archbishop Mignot, who could hardly postpone his resignation. The Archbishop answered with considerable dignity that he knew the rights and duties of a bishop better than a journalist, the rights consisting in a "complete and courageous sincerity with the Holy See," the duties in a "loyal submission to its decisions." He added that he would not fail to place the editorial under the eyes of the Holy

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Father, to acquaint him with the passions and tendencies at work in some surroundings.

The future history of the *Sillon* is difficult to foresee. Not so that of M. Sangnier. It will probably be the counterpart of that of M. de Mun after the failure of his *Œuvre des Cercles*. It is not saying little, though a man's individual work will always appear inconsiderable compared with a movement which, in its best aspects, can be likened only to the Franciscan origins, but no man was ever known to be twice a leader.

Ernest Dimnet.

ARABIAN AND PERSIAN POETRY. *

Fifty years ago, when FitzGerald's volume of quatrains fell almost unnoticed from Quaritch's printing press, no one in Europe, beyond a small body of scholars and a still smaller group of poets, had come within sight of the Oriental Parnassus. Now, at any rate, many paths have been opened out towards it and each of us may catch glimpses of shining summits and hear some echo of the music that floats around them. But though the ways of approach may be multiplied, they cannot be made easy. Poetry which was dictated by conditions unfamiliar to us, and moulded by ideals foreign to our ways of thought, demands a generously imaginative interpretation. That it should sound with the muffled note inevitable to translation is only one of its many handicaps. It moves in an atmosphere to which we are unaccustomed; its imagery, lacking for us in natural associations, has a suspicion of the artificial, and our judgment falters

between different standards of appreciation. Even when editors and readers have collaborated loyally in the presentment and the estimation of an alien literature, there must be a certain blotting out of the finer distinctions which will reduce to insignificance, or to a deadly monotony, poets whose qualities are not sufficiently salient to withstand the processes of transmission. Yet there are some who have interpreted their own experience with such vividness that it has become a part of the common human stock; and by so doing they have consecrated to remembrance whole cycles of the emotional history of mankind which the soberer chroniclers have left untouched.

Poetry was to the Arabs of the pagan era "the register of all they knew," and during the hundred years that preceded the triumph of Islam there flourished singers who have kept alive, not only for us, but for their own people, a past

*1. "The Singing Caravan." By Henry Baerlein. 2s. net.

2. "The Diwan of Abu'l Ala." By Henry Baerlein. 1s. net.

3. "The Confessions of Al Ghazzali." By Claud Field. 1s. net.

4. "The Persian Mystics": I. Jalalu'd Din Rumi, II. Jami. By F. Hadland Davis. 2s. net each.

5. "The Rose Garden of Sa'di." By L. Cranmer Byng. 1s. net.

6. "Sa'di's Scroll of Wisdom." Arthur N. Wollaston. 1s. net. (Wisdom of the East Series. Murray.)

that would otherwise have vanished. We have no information as to that which went before this earliest and greatest outburst of Arabian verse; it is an art which springs full fledged into being, subjected from the first to well-defined laws of form and metre which underwent little subsequent modification. None of the poetry of the Age of Ignorance—so Mohammedans speak of the days before the Prophet—was committed to writing until fully a hundred and fifty years after its composition. It is undeniable that many variations from the original utterances, and even much spurious work, are to be found in the anthologies which were compiled by the humanists of the later centuries; but in the main the odes and fragments which have been preserved are inspired too unmistakably by the conditions of a primitive civilization to admit of much doubt as to their authenticity. To these poets the editors of the *Wisdom of the East* series might well devote a fuller reference than that which has been vouchsafed in one of the least satisfactory of their slender volumes, "*The Singing Caravan*." The rush and swing of the Arabic kasida, the ode, with its intricate metre and single, many syllabled rhyme, which clangs through the whole length of the poem, can scarcely be reproduced in any other tongue; but Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's beautiful version of the Mu'allakat, the Seven Golden Odes, and the masterly translations which are to be found in Sir Charles Lyall's "*Ancient Arabian Poetry*," have gone far towards achieving the impossible. From this rich store the editors might borrow, since they have in other cases shown their discretion by being content to reprint a fine translation where it exists.

The English reader is acquainted, though perhaps unconsciously, with the form of the kasida, inasmuch as it was directly imitated by Tennyson in his "*Locksley Hall*." Almost invariably

the poet represents himself, like his counterpart in "*Locksley Hall*," as calling upon his companions to draw bridle before the scene of former delights; but for the Arab it is the site of an abandoned encampment:—

Stay! let us weep the memory of the
beloved and her dwelling place,
In the cleft of the shifting sands
twixt Dakhul and Howmal.
The north wind and the south have not
obliterated the traces;
See the droppings of the white doe
over the enclosures.

He brings to mind the days of dalliance and the despair of separation, when he cried to the night to be brightened by dawn, yet the day was no better than night:—"And thou oh night, behold thy stars were immovable, as though they were bound by ropes to a steadfast rock. . . . And I said to the wolf when he howled:—Thou and I are of one kindred; the furrows which I plough and which thou plougest shall yield one harvest." Then with a sharp transition he turns to other themes. He extols the lineage of his mare, he exalts his own brave deeds, he pictures, in a series of flashing images, the life of the desert, and his song sweeps over the uncharted wilderness, sure and fearless as the horsemen of his tribe. In all literature there is nothing to match the frank and careless materialism of the poetry of pagan Arabia, neither is there anything to set beside its unqualified eulogy of human joys and its dauntless acceptance of their evanescence.

The days to come, what are they? A
handful, a borrowing;
Vain is the thing thou fearest; to-day is
the life of thee.

I know to-day and the days before it,
aye and the days that were,
Yet of to-morrow I know nothing; blind
are the eyes of me.

I have seen Fate strike out in the darkness,
strike like a blind camel;
Whom it touched died straight, whom it
missed lived on to strengthless old.

But the poems are too perfect a portrayal of their age not to contain a reflection of the spiritual upheaval that brought forth the Prophet of Islam. The singers in their distant wanderings came into contact, like Mahomed himself, with Christianity, which both on the Syrian and on the Persian side of the desert had laid its hold on the settled Arabs. Some of the latest of the pagan poetry is distinguished by a strong religious feeling. "To God turn the steps of all that abideth," says Labid,

And to God ye return, ye too; with
Him only
Rest the issues of things and all that
they gather.

And the noble verses in which he describes the impermanence of man's life end with a warning that strikes a new and deeper note:—

The diviners from a pebble-throw and
they that watch the flight of
birds,
How know they that which God is doing?

Labid lived to see the triumph of Islam and with it the death of the old poetry. In the extreme of age he accepted the teaching of the Prophet and from that day abjured the art of verse. For Mahomed, like Plato, would gladly have excluded the poets from his state. Their hedonism accorded ill with his stern temper:—"There follow them those that go astray," says the Koran. Moreover the needs of the time were changed. The independence of the Age of Ignorance gave place to a more servile music, and a rich crop of panegyrists flourished in the luxurious capitals of Islam, where Persian culture had overmastered the simple virtues of the conquerors. But before the torch passed to another race it burnt once more in the hands of two men whose names are connected chiefly with Syria. Mutanabbi, the warrior poet of Aleppo,

spent his youth among the Bedouin and learnt from them something of the spirit which had been forgotten by the town-dweller. "Night and my horse and the desert know me," he boasts, "and the lance-thrust and battle, and parchment and the pen." Native critics judge him to be the greatest of Arab poets, and their praise, if it has over-shot the mark, is not without justification. Close upon his heels, at the end of the 10th century, follows a yet more imposing figure, the blind Abu'l Ala, "thrice imprisoned: by my sightlessness and by my body, and by the walls of my house." The story of his wanderings through the brilliant turbulent Oriental world, with which he had so little sympathy, deserves better handling than it has received in Mr. Baerlein's discursive preface. From his solitary retreat in the Syrian village of Ma'arra, he poured out his bitter scorn upon human beliefs and human joys and died claiming as a signal merit that he had transmitted the burden of life to no descendants.

Oh wind be still, if wind thy name,
Oh flame die out, if thou art flame.

The time was ripe for a new interpretation of the problem of existence, and before the end of the 11th century the prose writer, Ghazali, a contemporary of Omar Khayyam, had grafted the doctrines of an ascetic quietism on to the meagre philosophy of Islam. Although he wrote in Arabic, he was by birth a Persian, and it was mainly by Persians that his conceptions were expanded. Mysticism, born of Neo-Platonism and of the revolt of the Persian against the rigid materialism of Islam, had been in the air for 200 years and already (perhaps under the influence of Indian thought) it had begun to take a pantheistic color. Pantheism is the theme of the later Sufi poets; by precept and parable they inculcate the doctrine of annihilation in God and assert the essential unity of the Creator

and the created. "Thou art but the glass," says Jami,

And He the Face confronting it which casts

Its image in the mirror . . . if steadfastly

Thou canst regard, thou wilt at length perceive

He is the Mirror also.

It is amazingly difficult to form a just appreciation of the mystic poets, two of whom, Jami and Jellal ad Din Rumi, have been presented to us by Mr. Hadland Davis in this series. Their symbolism is apt to prove exceedingly wearisome, and their strenuously didactic intention carries them, all indifferent, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and even to the grotesque. Yet there are moments when the English reader will re-echo the praise that has been lavished upon them by their countrymen. The haunting beauty of the opening passages of Jellal ad Din's great poem, the "Mesnavi," lingers for ever in the memory, and with it comes a sense of that widening of spiritual

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experience which until this day many a Mahomedan owes to the Master's teaching.

In the midst of this band of mystic writers, two poets stand apart; they use the phraseology of mysticism, yet for widely diverse reasons they are not to be numbered among the adepts. Sadi, whose works have reached in the East a wider audience than any other book, except the Koran, has been described by Professor Browne as the Asiatic Macchiavelli. It is rarely that he rises to the height of true poetry, but his acute worldly wisdom has provided the Oriental with an epitome of the springs of human action, not excluding the most ignoble. Hafiz, of whom a volume of translations is promised us by the authors of this series, was too good a poet to be a thorough-going mystic. Grave or gay, his limpid verse welled out in response to very human emotions. He scattered beauty, and the pulse of life beats through his song as spontaneously as it throbbed in the voice of his own nightingales.

"THE SWEETNESS OF A MAN'S FRIEND."

Forty years ago I had been a clerk in a Government office in Whitehall for three years. My father was a small squire owning about 1,500 acres of land in the Midlands, and, as he had only two children, a girl and a boy, he contrived to send me to Harrow, his own school. When I left Harrow I went to Cambridge, and came out well in the Civil Service examination. Soon afterwards I became engaged to Margaret Rushworth, daughter of the rector in the little town of Hemsworth, about five miles from my home, and in 1870 we were married. In addition to my salary I had an allowance of £100 a year from home, and Margaret had £50 a year of her own. We set up house at Blackheath.

Margaret was not a great reader, although what she read she read slowly and thoroughly. I thought she would "open out," as I infelicitously described a liking for literature, but in this way she did not open out. Perhaps it was required of her that she should develop according to the law of her own nature. Providence may have considered it necessary, although probably she was not conscious of the command, that her particular character should be preserved without the interference or imposition of any other. I, on the contrary, lived in books; I worked hard at Cambridge, and I hated dissipation. It was this love of books that was answerable for certain defects in me; one of which was the absence of a sense of

proportion. It is curious—Glycine's song of three or four verses in "Zapolya" or a dozen lines from "The Rape of the Lock" were more to me than the news of great events. I should even have thought it better worth while to discover how Shakespeare laced his shoes than to understand the provisions of a revolutionary Reform Bill. Conversation was interesting to me mainly in so far as it turned upon what I had been reading. I was often, no doubt, set down as a prig. I was not a prig, for I was much in earnest. I was however, I admit, an uncomfortable, unpopular acquaintance. The gay, the empty-hearted, empty-headed society joker scoffed at me because I was an easy chance he could not afford to miss of securing laughter at the expense of that stock subject, "a serious person."

My peculiar temperament did not fully reveal itself until some time after I was engaged. I then hoped for a happy time with Margaret: when in long evenings we could study Shelley together and discuss the connection of the story in "The Revolt of Islam," a problem I had not yet been able to solve. I belonged to a club, called, for no particular reason, the Saturday Club, of a dozen men about the same age as myself and of a somewhat similar disposition, who met together for mutual edification on the second and fifteenth of each month. It looks strange to many people, no doubt, but to me, even now, it is not strange that twelve persons belonging to this commonplace world could quietly seat themselves round a table and begin, without the aid of alcohol, tobacco, or even of coffee, to impart to one another their opinions on subjects which would generally be considered most uninviting. Once I came home with my head full of Milton's prosody. I proceeded immediately to pour out upon Margaret all the results of our debate and, more particularly, my own observations, but,

as she had never read "Paradise Lost," and knew nothing of the laws of blank verse, I did not go on and was disappointed. She also was sad, and the evening passed as an evening passes in late September when we have not begun fires, and cold rain sets in with the growing darkness. When either the second or fifteenth of the month fell on a Saturday, the hour of meeting was four o'clock. One Saturday we had tried to make out what really happened to the magic boat in "Alastor." The eddying waters rise "stair above stair," and the boat is

Seized by the sway of the ascending stream.

I was puzzled and eager; I got home early and could not help trying to explain the difficulty to Margaret. I read all that part of "Alastor" to her which has to do with the movement of the boat, and I expatiated on it with some eloquence and almost with emotion. I could see she tried to follow me and to make clear to herself the miraculous course of the stream, but she did not succeed, and her irrelevant remarks made me irritable. She asked me who the wanderer was, and what was the object of his voyage. "O Margaret," I broke out, and I propped my elbows on the table, my head falling in despondency between my hands, "O Margaret, I do wish I could find a little more sympathy in you. What a joy it would be for me if you cared for the things for which I care, those which really concern me." She said nothing and I left the room, but as I went I thought I saw tears in her eyes. I was frightened. I loved her passionately, and I said to myself that perhaps this was the beginning of decay in my love for her. What should I do, what should I be if we became estranged? I felt that horrible half-insane terror which men feel during an earthquake, when the ground under their feet begins to shake.

That night an old college friend came to supper with us. I had not seen him for two years. His name was Robert Barclay. His father was a clergyman who had been trained theologically in the school of Simeon, and was, consequently, very Low Church. Robert also, who went to Cambridge, was Low Church while he was there, but when he was five-and-twenty there came a great change. He woke up as if from a trance, and began to ask questions, the result of which was that the creed in which he had been educated seemed to have no rock-foundation, but to hang in the air. He went on until he could only say *I do not know*; but it was impossible for him to rest here. He was so constituted that he was compelled to affirm, and, by a process which I cannot now develop, he became a Roman Catholic, conquering, to his own satisfaction, the difficulty of finding for Papal authority a support reaching down to the centre which he could not find in Simeonism. He was content to rest where Newman rested—"there is no help for it; we must either give up the belief in the Church as a divine institution altogether, or we must recognize it in that communion of which the Pope is the head; we must take things as they are; to believe in a Church is to believe in the Pope."

Barclay was often at my father's house before his conversion, and there he fell in love with Veronica, Margaret's sister, who, with Margaret, was staying with my mother. Veronica also was deeply in love with him, and they were engaged. Slowly he became possessed with a desire to be a priest, with a sure conviction, in fact, that he ought to be one. Veronica by this time was a Roman Catholic, and she was strong enough to urge him to obey what both of them believed to be a divine injunction. What these two went through no mortal can tell: Heaven only knows. I had a glimpse every

now and then of a struggle even unto death, of wrestling till the blood forced itself through the pores of the skin.

The difficulty lay not in doing what they were sure was right, but in discovering what the right was. Sometimes it seemed a clear command that they should give themselves up to one another. There was no hesitation in it. Both of them were ardent, passionate, vividly imaginative. Was it conceivable that such an overwhelming impulse was not of God? The command that Robert should be a priest was nothing like so clear; but, on the other hand, both Veronica and Robert were too well instructed not to be aware that clearness is not decisive as to the authority of a direction, and that the true path may be suggested in a whisper when we are bidden, as if through a speaking trumpet, to take that which leads to destruction. What made the separation especially terrible, both to Veronica and Robert, it is hard to say. Here are a couple of lines from one of Robert's letters to me which may partly explain: "There is something in this trouble I cannot put into words. It is the complete unfolding, the making real to myself, all that is hidden in that word *Never*." Is it possible to express by speech a white handkerchief waved from the window of the railway train, or the deserted platform where ten minutes before a certain woman stood, where her image still lingers? There is something in this which is not mere sorrow. It is rather the disclosure of that dread Abyss which underlies the life of man. One consequence of this experience was the purest sincerity. All insincerity, everything unsound, everything which could not stand the severest test, was by this trial crushed out of him. His words uniformly stood for facts. Perhaps it was his sincerity which gave him a power over me such as no other man ever possessed. He could not persuade me to follow him

into the Roman Catholic Church, but this was because Margaret held me back. She was the only person who could have enabled me to resist.

Robert was much struck with Margaret's account during supper of the manner in which she helped her poorer neighbors. She did not give them money or clothes or food, nor did she play the district visitor; but she went into their houses and devoted to one woman an hour in cooking, to another an hour in washing clothes, or cleaning rooms and scrubbing floors. Not only was this real assistance, but it was an opportunity for her to show how work ought to be done. "I can slip in something now and then," she said, "which may do their souls good, and I am sure that it is the word which is spoken casually that is most effective with them. It is useless to talk abstractions or to preach in general terms the heinousness of sin; but if Bill next door has beaten his wife or drinks and gives her nothing out of his wages, you can enlarge on his bad behavior with much profit. As to religion as we understand it when we kneel at Holy Communion, it cannot be taught. It requires a heavenly endowment as much as writing great poems. Keeping your hands from picking and stealing is a different matter."

Margaret went early to bed. Her little girl, six months old, required her attention. We had been silent for a few minutes. Somewhat unexpectedly, without any introduction, Robert spoke. "Margaret is original, and has real genius. What a blessing it is that she has honored you with marriage. Let

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stupid people say what they will, originality and genius in a wife are amongst the greatest of earthly blessings. But, although amongst the greatest, there is something greater." His voice shook a little. Genius! originality! I had not thought of it before. The boat in "Alastor" crossed my mind, but Robert's power asserted itself, a strength sufficient not only to change an opinion, but to alter entirely the aspect of things, just as in a flash without argument, Saul perceived that he had been utterly mistaken. Robert revealed the truth of Margaret to me, and the revelation was almost miraculous, so strangely disproportionate were means to the effect.

I went into her room. I opened the door gently, and saw that she and her child were both asleep, but the night-light was burning. I took off my shoes outside and crept noiselessly to the little table by the side of the bed. A bookmarker in a volume of Shelley showed me she had been studying the passages which I had read to her about the boat. I went back to bed, but not to sleep. Next morning, early, I again went into her room. She had been awake, for a page was turned over, but her eyes were closed. Her arm lay upon the coverlet. I knelt down and took her hand, that delicately beautiful hand with its filbert finger-nails—knelt down and kissed it softly. She started a little, sat up, and bent over me, and I felt her lips on my head, her thick hair falling over it and enveloping it. She died ten years ago. The face in the vision which is always before me is a happy face, thank God.

Mark Rutherford.

WHAT IS TOLERATION?

Toleration as now actually practised has simply become barbaric indifference instead of civilized synthesis. The essence of barbarism is that it prefers

custom to law; that is, prefers an animal iteration to an intellectual pivot of practice. And in the modern world we are rapidly going back to the old

way of dividing the tolerable and the intolerable merely as the familiar and the unfamiliar. We do not so much tolerate certain creeds as certain names; and sometimes people can actually be horrified at the fact and soothed again when told the conventional title of the fact. I remember once telling a scandalized Puritan friend of mind that an occult and ancient Catholic symbol was openly used by many English vicars; a hieroglyph consisting of the entangled crosses of three Catholic saints. This was a perfectly correct description of it, and he was very much shocked. But when he heard that it was vulgarly called the Union Jack, he was (I know not why) appeased.

This is true of many modern compromising Liberals; but it is not true of the old (and more advanced) Liberals, the austere Radicals whose ethics and economics so largely made the nineteenth century. They had a perfectly clear notion of what they meant by toleration; it is a notion with which a thinking man will be often inclined to agree: but in any case it is a lucid, abstract and arguable notion of it. This doctrine, varying, of course, with the varying men, but substantially preached or implied by Macaulay or by Mill, by Cobett or by Cobden, was this: that the coercive machine we call the Government will work better if it is, like a sausage machine or any machine, unhampered by limitations connected with something else; even something very important. It is obviously more *ultimately* important to the sausage industry that all men should not become vegetarians, than even that the handle should turn and the wheels go round. But since by the very act of having a sausage machine you show that you are not all vegetarians, *then* (so ran the argument) it is really unwise to dismiss a sausage grinder of startling dexterity, merely because he is a vegetarian. It

is more important that Englishmen should marry and have children than that they should govern and make laws. But since some wretched people have to make laws, it is unwise to confuse that operation by insisting that they shall all be married. It is more important that men should have virtues than that they should have votes; but when you are dealing with the votes it will be unwise to ask for the virtues. So it was urged, religion should not be applied directly to the distribution of political powers in a particular State, any more than to the distribution of tickets in a particular tram-car. Doubtless there could be no tram-car but for a certain philosophy in the State: but we must not confine our tickets to those philosophers who ardently believe in tram-cars. In short, religion is outside the Government: but it is not outside it as the man in the moon is outside the earth; a mere outcast. Rather religion is outside government as God is outside the world. Religion is a fire: politics is a machine. Even if the fire drives the machine, the machine must be kept cool, or it does not work. Theology is not too small for government but too big for it.

That was the quite sane and solid view of the old Radicals, many of whom (as for instance, Daniel O'Connell) were themselves the devout adherents of theology. It is the only theory of toleration which remains reasonable and unshattered for the public of to-day. For the other popular phrases that have been invented since do not hold water. One is that distinction summarized by the eminent atheist, Frederick the Great, "My subjects are to say what they please and I am to do what I please." The antithesis is very worthy of the despot whose whole influence on history has been to introduce free thought and to destroy freedom. It lingers in journalism as a general idea that if a thing is put in

words (however bestial and emetic) it must not be touched at all, but if it is put in action (however natural and ordinary) it can be cruelly punished. This I, for one, frankly refuse to accept. If a man suddenly began to tell smoking-room stories in a little girl's nursery, I would willingly lend a hand (or a leg) to turn him out, but my leg would be repelling aggression. Every indecency is an indecent assault; because the recipient cannot avoid it. And in a sense indecency attacks brutally a defenceless man; there may be squibs burst in a man's face, or sconces poured down his throat: still a man can shut his eyes and shut his mouth. But the ribald take advantage of the fact that the animal man cannot automatically close his ears.

The same sort of objection can, I think, be offered to the other popular definition of religious equality or intellectual toleration; "a man has liberty so long as he does not infringe the liberty of others." If a man takes his bath on the balcony it is only in a very strained sense that he can be said to be controlling the "liberty" of others: he does so no more than he does by having a revolting deformity or a maddening stammer: he is an offence, but surely not in the common sense a compulsion. Yet the class of speeches and actions of which this is typical will always be restrained in all national societies: and indeed, as it happens, democracies are generally much more severe in such restraints than oligarchies. These looser definitions of liberty therefore pass; but the old Liberal definition, properly understood, remains at least for respectful treatment: the theory that government is a tool suited to dealing with some things and not with others: successful when it investigates murders, but tactless in arranging love affairs; an expert in engineering but a great duffer at theology. And it must be here remembered that this old Liberal

idea that the policeman should keep his hands off religion was part of a general idea that he should keep his hands off a great many very essential things. It is quite a mistake to deduce that the old Radical was indifferent to creeds because he wished (in this sense) to have free creeds. You might as well say that Manchester was indifferent to Trade because it wanted to have Free Trade. The old Radical had no doubt of the desirability of orthodoxy, and certainly none of the desirability of money: the thing he doubted, the thing he suspected, was not so much the Church as the State. He held, rightly or wrongly, that the actual interventions of political authority in creed and in commerce, were generally disastrous interventions. But the more massive movements of politics on both sides to-day are in the direction of adding potent arms to the State in all departments: this is as true of Tariff Reform as of Socialism, as true of Compulsory National Defence as of all the crazy schemes of oppression that go under the name of Eugenics. The old Radical would have said that faith was outside politics as bread-winning and love-making and child-rearing are outside politics. But bread-winning and child-rearing are *not* outside politics now, and nobody knows how long even love-making will be left alone. Therefore the modern state is quite in a position to impose a type of philosophy as it has already imposed a type of education. Whether the Socialists, if they attained power, would really experiment in sexual selection or compulsory diet or any of those nightmares of bondage, no one has a right to say. But the Socialists will be very illogical indeed if they do not re-establish religious persecution.

Was there any flaw in this theory of a free orthodoxy and a restricted government held by the old Radicals? Yes, there was: and it was a flaw which

did them great credit. Those who are apt to sneer at them would do well to remember that the subtleties that they were too simple to see are very largely the subtleties of our corruption; and the modern Tory is more of a sceptic than the old Radical, rather than more of a believer. The weakness in the Liberal theory of toleration was this: that its apostles seem to have taken common morals and natural religion for granted: they supposed that any state must rest on the same ultimate ethical foundations; and these foundations they themselves believed so utterly that they did not even examine them. That man is lord of Nature and above the brutes, that he is responsible for his use of freedom; that as a father he has natural authority over his children, that as a free man he has control of his property, that life and ease are a benefit and sudden death a wrong, but that he must work for his family and die for his city, these tremendous truisms the old Radical could not conceive anyone doubting: he had not in his soul the seeds of that madness that has since cloven the world into two more dogmatic schools. He was a wonderful person. Natural religion was natural to him. But every man now must be either a mad mystic or a sane one.

To make the position clear: When the Victorian Liberal said "Let government, like grocery, work unconscious of creeds" he forgot one thing, and one thing only. He forgot that even the demand for government (or for grocery) is a creed. It is a creed because it can be contradicted: and in our time it has been contradicted. A man may be a sincere anarchist, or a man may sincerely disapprove of a grocer for having a wine and spirit license; these frenzies are facts of the modern world. Controversy has entered fields that the old Liberal thought quite uncontroversial. The instant one pessimist showed his black hat on the horizon,

every grocer on earth became a controversial grocer. For groceries imply that it is good to support life: they never (at least intentionally) point towards annihilation. If the eager pessimist persuades any large number of grocers to sell poisoned sweets in the sincere hope of saving children from the dungeon of human destiny, then I think the eager pessimist and the persuaded grocers might both very legitimately be lynched. But why? Here we come, I think, in sight of the object aimed at, a true, if rough, definition of the character and limits of toleration.

A grocer's shop, as the old tolerationists urged, will really be better managed if its agents are judged as grocer's assistants and not as Catholics or Freemasons or "saved" Christians or Class-Conscious Socialists or anything else. In that sense opinions, however important, are not important in a grocer's assistant. Nevertheless, some opinions are very important in a grocer's assistant; and these are the one or two (somewhat simple) metaphysical and moral principles upon which grocerying is built. It will not do to employ a benevolent youth who thinks he is doing good by depriving others of money, as being the root of all evil; nor one, as I have said, whose scientific sorrow for the children of men is expressed by putting them out of their pain. Now humanity consists of a hubbub of corporations and collectivities of every shape and size, from a shop to an empire or a universal church; and to all of these this principle applies. Each has some one or two prime principles from which it springs; it can tolerate denial of everything else but not of these. The eccentricities it forbids may not be so bad as many it tolerates: and these will differ in each case. The granite foundations of grocery, grand as they are, are not the foundations of the world:

the *sine qua non* will be slightly different in other walks of life. In an army even the pessimist who, on evil grounds, is ready to fling away his life, may be preferable to the Quaker, who, on the purest grounds, will not fling away other people's. In a hospital even the materialist who amputates as blindly and blandly as a butcher may (on an emergency) be better than the mystic who has a horror of shedding blood. Thus we come to the broad conclusion; that in talking of opinions tolerable and intolerable we ought to draw (and, as a fact, we do draw) an abysmal distinction between those doctrines which do not exist in a business, and those doctrines but for which the business would not exist.

In large elaborately governed states these radical ideas may be more dark to trace; but there is one great test of them: substantial unanimity. Men may forget the earth they all walk on; but they will never deny it. It is not (as the tiresome people say) the question of a majority against a minority: it is the question of a commonwealth against a maniac. This is the explanation of those problems of decency in modern England to which I have referred. An atheist is intrinsically a far more shocking sight than a naked man. It is surely better to forget the fig-leaves than to forget the Fall; and to forget the Fall than to forget that holy precept from which we fell. But as a fact the whole community we live in is instinctively horrified at the one and not at the other; which shows that our state is founded on respectability and not on religion. You might easily have been born in some old Greek or barbaric city where you might walk about naked all day long, but where you would have been instantly boiled for being an atheist. It would be a city with other (and perhaps sounder) first principles.

Suppose a Bedouin tribe wanders

about the desert and adores the moon (nobody in the desert would be likely to adore the sun) and suppose all its habits, meals, marriages, lustrations and legends revolve round the lunar symbol. If such a tribe picked up out of pity a wandering Jew or Fire-worshipper, I think it would be quite justified in giving him food and shelter but refusing him office and power. For these moon-worshippers might almost be men in the moon: their religion is as separate, rounded and remote as the moon itself. But if they conquered and ruled sixteen cities of Jews and Fire-worshippers, then the situation would be very different: certainly at least they would not have the same right to enforce politically the tests of their belief. The distinction is clear: moon-worship was the root and meaning of their simple tribe: but clearly it is not the root and meaning of their composite empire. That must rest on some other principle of unity, because the differences are there. These peoples may have come together by force or affinity or political fate, but they have not come together to worship the moon. Thus on the one hand it is arguable (I do not say I am sure of it) that a nation like Spain, itself born of a religious war, its territory hewn out of heathen chaos in the name of religion more than of nationality, has a right to treat that religion as the first condition of its existence, and only possible bond of its empire. On the other hand, a man may well wish that some religion were the bond of the British Empire: but he will certainly have to admit that no religion is or ever was. Whatever connects the agnostic Imperialist at Oxford with the Catholic farmer in Quebec, the Hindu peasant in Burmah with the Jewish millionaire at Johannesburg, it is not a common theology. Whether anything connects them or whether what connects them is a worthy thing, would bring us into controversial mat-

ters not relevant here, matters of which any man may think what he likes. My personal advice to the tribe in the desert is to have its religion and not to have its empire.

This distinction like all others has its difficult cases: and we are still much troubled by the sophist who is for ever arguing that because fresh water fades into salt, therefore we can drink salt water and catch herrings in fresh. But the distinction is not merely one of degree, but of kind: it concerns the existence or non-existence of a certain positive spirit of unanimity. Thus, England in the twelfth century consisted of Catholics and a certain number of Jews, Prussia in the twentieth century appears to consist of atheists—and more Jews. But the difference between the two cases is like a chasm: a true difference of kind. The English were Catholic as a nation and not in varying degrees as individuals. The Jews remained in their midst as unmistakable as the Chinese Embassy in London. In Prussia the whole is anarchic and inorganic. The principal atheists are Jews and about half the Jews are atheists. And if it be said that this argument would justify the extreme persecution of Jews, the fact is exactly the other way. The Jews were never in theory persecuted in the Middle Ages, however much they were oppressed. There was much natural horror at the mystic tradition of Delcide, and a great deal more popular rebellion against usury: but the Jews were never ecclesiastically suppressed as certain heresies were suppressed. The medieval civilization seems to have acted upon the very principle here maintained. It recognized the Jews as Jews because they had never been part of the Christian scheme; they were a survival of the Pagan Empire and not rooted in the new Catholic civilization at all. In any case this distinction be-

tween corporate and incorporate conviction in a people is part of the alphabet of political common sense; and not to recognize it is to sink to the intellectual level of the people who say that Ireland is no more a nation than Hampshire. It is not to understand that passionate coherence which is the ultimate glory of existence; and to be ready at any moment to describe two bipeds as a quadruped.

Whether or no this be the true doctrine of Toleration, one thing is certain, that it is at present the only one: for the vague emancipationists of to-day have forgotten the old Liberal doctrine and are not even attempting to produce one of their own. The appalling mental chaos exhibited by the defences of the King's Declaration is summed up in the one sentence (uttered by an eminent religious leader) that all religious tests are wrong, but we must keep the Protestant Succession. When people have reached that state they are an easy prey; and the Socialists, Tory and Liberal, have already dragged them helpless to the admission of powers in the State infinitely fiercer and more rigid than that of religious persecution. When you have altered a man's house over his head, driven off his children, changed his diet and drinks and imprisoned him during the caprice of his gaoler, it is surely little to crush his creed, for you have already crushed his morality. Hygiene may any day enforce the pagan habit of cremation. Eugenics is already hinting at the pagan habit of infanticide. A bureaucracy may yet enforce a religion—though doubtless it will be religion without its consolations. And the next adventure in the long story of the strange sect called Christians may be to be asked once more to worship the god of Government; to be told once more to offer incense to Divine Cæsar.

SUPERMANITY AND THE SUPERWOMAN.

BY A SUBTER-WOMAN.

There were steam-engines before the days of Watt and Supermen before the days of Nietzsche. Only, the psychological moment not having arrived, steam-engine and Superman alike remained embryonic. Goethe perhaps more nearly approached the completely developed specimen than any other recorded individual. Was he not the natural fact which suggested the high theory? To Goethe all men, and yet more all women, were subsidiary creatures, existing solely, so far as he was concerned, for his own mental development and personal gratification. Royal and Serene Highnesses were no real exceptions, because, if he paid homage to them, their utility to him was obvious. He needed no theory of immorals, because he lived in a world indifferent to the practice of morals, at least where his own sex was concerned. If he had been forced to make himself conspicuous by minor eccentricities, he must have adopted some inconvenient moral code. It was not necessary; and no one had as yet thought of such eccentricities as Aids to Merit. In our day the Superman, less great and less fortunate, is compelled to adopt a gospel of immorality as a mark of distinction, however distasteful it may be to him when put in practice.

In the matter of the family Goethe was not far from Supermanity, if ignorant of the true doctrine. He married, indeed—late—for Woman we know is implacable. But from his origins he separated himself severely. On the surface this would appear foolish, as his only near relation, his mother, would rather have added to his social lustre than diminished it. Highnesses on their travels would make a long *détour* in order to visit the witty and charming Frau Goethe in her seclusion.

But should a Superman be born like other people? Certainly not. Especially not if his parents have neglected to provide him with the ennobling *particule*. Let Weimar be persuaded, if possible, that its Superman arrived upon earth without assistance; a young man beautiful as Apollo and labelled by the gods "*Hof-fähig*."

Thus Goethe had moved far on the way towards conscious and deliberate Supermanity. Yet in spite of his greatness, because of it rather, he founded no school. People imagined an intellect as pre-eminent as his was a necessity to the Superman. There has been a reaction from this belief, and to-day some people are even of opinion that he may be perfectly stupid. The better opinion seems to be that he should be clever, for it is vital that he should be convinced, and be able to convince a sufficient number of others, that he is the cleverest man in the world and that to serve and gratify him is to confer distinction upon themselves.

The Superfamily has long been known, if not named. It has probably existed from the earliest ages of civilization, and will only perish with the latest. It may even survive civilization in the shape of a Super-subcommunity, or whatever grouping of individuals Socialism will be unable to prevent. It is more readily distinguishable than the Superman by its note; for, as royalty is said to do for intelligible reasons, it divides humanity into two classes: itself and the others. The Superfamily is more respectable than the Superman, but more unpopular.

The Superwoman is the latest development of the type, and the one most difficult to define. We have here no

guidance from Nietzsche, who, as a German, of course never conceived of the possibility of such a thing. We have to study her for ourselves on the stage and in the world: a world to which the stage has for some years played very effectually the part of the pulpit. It is clear that, like the Superman, she must be convinced that the rest of the human race exist for her pleasure and advantage. Like him, she may or may not possess really unusual talents; it is not the fact, but the faith, that matters. And like him, if she has any ugly characteristic, for which common mortals would blush, she will be found wearing it "lightly like a flower"; or, indeed, flaunting it like an Order of Merit. Yet even this she will wear with a difference. The Superman, for example, has accustomed us to the idea that in him an arrogant and boastful vanity is an admirable thing—forgetful of his own axiom that the admirable and the tedious are one. The Superwoman must be equally arrogant and vain, but her principal pride will be placed in the indecency of her conversation. Again, it is said that the well-known Mr. John Tanner is highly incensed if anyone hints a knowledge of the circumstance that his hand was thrice rejected by another lady before Miss Whitefield claimed it for her own; but that Mrs. Tanner (*née* Whitefield) will, on the contrary, repeatedly boast of the number of times Tanner refused her offers of marriage before she beat down his resistance. For stage reasons Ann Whitefield cannot be arrogant precisely in the Tanner vein; also, it is a vein in which the most resolute of Superwomen could hardly woo successfully. If she did so, her struggle would not be so much with the force of dead tradition as with the living vanity of Man. Even an ordinary man prefers that his wife should make himself as nearly as possible the sole source and object of her pride. A

Superwoman naturally defies her husband as such; a Superman naturally prefers a wife of the "poor-thing-but-mine-own" species. Nevertheless, the unexpected happens, and we do not feel it unnatural that Ann Whitefield should succeed in marrying John Tanner; nor will he regret it, for she will see to it that her husband gets all the honors he deserves, and, probably, many more. Ann's own morals are irreproachable, but from a scene which it is one of the oddities of the Censor to have spared, and from other sources, we gather the doctrine of Supermanity on the subject of the morals of sex and parenthood. As far as the man is concerned it is a doctrine of primeval antiquity, though still active. A human father may be as irresponsible towards his young as are certain other male animals. A woman should be simply proud of becoming a mother. This also is a doctrine that "does something smack, does something grow to" antiquity. What is new, and of an unpracticalness which would have been intolerable to any ancient People, is the suggestion that a woman should be proud and pleased to bring a child into a world where there is no niche prepared for it, and it can have no recognized claim on any human being except a feminine unit. We are invited to condemn the commonplace, if not particularly modest, young lady in the play who repudiates this gospel. A Superwoman, we are led to infer, would rejoice in it. Very likely; yet even without the fear of the Censor before her, it is pretty certain that a really shrewd and successful Superwoman, like Miss Whitefield, would woo her Tanner *pour le bon motif*. We may not see in him a great match, but he was, be sure, the best that came within her reach, and we shall probably see the name of John Larry Undershaft Tanner in the next list of new Liberal peers.

The irresponsibility of the father laid down, we might expect the irresponsibility of the mother after a short period to follow; for that is a much more universal law of Nature than the indifference of the male parent. On this point we have, so far, no guidance. But whatever the proper attitude of mothers towards their mature children, that of mature children to their parents is made abundantly clear. Super-young-persons of either sex must detest, if they cannot despise—or despise, if they cannot detest—their parents. The same rule shall be applied to all elders supposing themselves to have claims of any kind on these young persons. There are many who find this doctrine too difficult. They have that within them which compels them to remember, with a fondness not due to their merit, even the colored pictures on the walls of their nursery. They are unable to prevent themselves from responding to affection and kindness, and cannot be taught to treat Age with jeers or to repay benefits with insults. Such persons can never enter the kingdom of Supermanity; they are irrevocably doomed to the Kingdom of Heaven. But many others have more evenly divided natures, and can, without enormous effort, acquire the prescribed amount of harsh and stony self-concentration.

"And now," as Mr. Pecksniff says, "let us be moral." Let us ask the Superpeople to look forward to the time when the trampling will no longer be done by them, but on them, by a generation educated in the perfect tenets of their faith. After fifty years devoted to the culture of selfishness and self-importance will they really resign themselves to be hurried to the rubbish-heap before they feel at all ready for it?—Thus far the Moralist within us, shaking an admonitory finger at Superpeople. But let him hold his peace. Supermanity will as usual triumph over

our moralities. Action and reaction are the law of life. During half a century we have been travelling away and away from romance, idealism, veneration, sentiment of every kind. In another five-and-twenty years the wheel will assuredly have swung round full cycle. Already we see crinolines and chenille hair-nets invested with a rococo charm once associated with powder and patches. Then will all the precepts and examples lavished by Supermen on their offspring be as the pouring of water into sieves. The young man of the 'forties will find no more matter for merriment in our Supermanic humor than in the dry eternal grin of a fleshless skull. There will be for him no thrill in inversions of social conventions, amputations of human feelings, or even severe fractures of the primary commandments. These antics will have become to him *vieux jeu*. As once, after a century of complacent prosaism, literature returned with a rush to drink deep of the fountains of poetry, so will the spirit of man inevitably return to its watersprings, and, athirst and parched with the long drought of his desert journey, will not merely drink, but wallow in the wells of Sentiment. In spite of this reaction, nay, because of it, all will be well with our Superpeople in their latter days. With respectful devotion the following generation will support their failing steps and delay them on their journey to the grave; for no one not prepared to face the accusation of being greatly behind the times, will be guilty of unfeeling or disrespectful behaviour to his elders.

Thus happiness and success will attend our Superman and Superwoman to the tomb, and even beyond it. I see in a vision a new and beautiful urn containing the mingled ashes of Lord and Lady Tanner. I see the figure of a youngish man and woman in deep

mourning leaning upon it, and pressing their black-bordered handkerchiefs to their eyes, while with downward finger the man points to a partially dis-

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cerned inscription: *To . . . Tanner . . . Authors of our Being. . . .*
"Erring yet honored."

Margaret L. Woods.
Master's House, Temple.

AUSTRIA AND ITS POLICY.

Among the Great Powers of Europe not one, with the single exception of Russia, is so little understood as Austria. In France, and still more in England, Austria is still thought of as the oppressor of small nationalities, as the tyrant who built the Quadrilateral and long prevented the formation of a free and united Italy, and, above all, as the cruel enemy of Hungary, which called in the barbarous Russians to suppress the revolution of 1848. To the shallow diplomat whose information hardly goes beyond the Court dress and rules of etiquette Austria—whatever the charms of her capital and the romantic beauties of her provinces—is in the political sense merely the ally and instrument of German policy. Possibly this error is partly due to the pushful and obtrusive personality of the German Kaiser, of which another illustration is provided this week by his rhetorical exercise at Vienna.

Even those who have a conventional acquaintance with Austria and Hungary have little idea that the old order is passing away so quickly. The fact that the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph, who saw the terrible events of '48, who played a decisive part in the Crimean War, who directed the Austrian resistance to the combined armies of France and Italy in 1859, and lost the hegemony of Germany to Prussia in 1866, is still Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, exercising great authority in his own dominions and in the councils of Europe, might well lead a superficial observer to suppose that the realm of the Hapsburgs, though

shorn of its rich Italian provinces in the South and of its shadowy claims to suzerainty in the North, is still an almost mediæval Empire far removed from the troubles and turmoils of twentieth century democracy. A more complete illusion can hardly be indulged. Had our Foreign Office been fully cognizant of the true facts, the blunder into which we fell at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina would probably have been avoided, and some unfortunate consequences of the action of our Foreign Office at that time would not now have been felt. Twenty years ago it might perhaps have been said with truth that of the two parts of the dual Monarchy, Hungary enjoyed the more representative system of government. The Magyar nobility managed, and still manage, Hungary upon a plan not altogether dissimilar from the system which prevailed in England during the eighteenth century, with the important difference that a narrow franchise and a corrupt system of electioneering are supported by the military and the police to an extent which was never possible in England. But since the adoption in Austria of a democratic suffrage in 1907, according fair representation to all nationalities, the contrast between the two halves has been more than reversed. Nor was the move altogether sudden. It had been gradually prepared by changes not only in the law and administration, but still more by a widespread social movement, which diminished the weight and importance of the old aristocracy. After the compact

with Hungary in 1867 a new system of education was introduced under the influence of the German Liberals. The spheres of the Church and the State were defined, with happy results, which have freed Catholic Austria from the troubles that are now invading Catholic Spain. The old territorial aristocracy found that as social and economic needs multiplied the task of administration proved too heavy and onerous. They gradually withdrew from most of the positions, and at the present time nearly all the minor and most of the leading positions in the Civil Administration and in the Army, as well as in the Church, are held by men of the middle classes or by the sons of peasants. In fact, in the Government of Austria at the present time aristocrats play a far less significant part than in Great Britain, to say nothing of Prussia. The late Burgomaster of Vienna. Dr. Lueger, the son of a servitor, patron of the "kleiner Mann," leader in municipal enterprise, was a typical product of modern Austria.

It were impossible that such changes as these should be unreflected in foreign policy. In fact, in Austria and Hungary it is difficult to say where domestic policy ends and foreign policy begins. The formal annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina blindly opposed by our Foreign Office under the influence of its latest passion for Russia, was immediately and naturally followed by the extension to that province of a liberal measure of autonomy based upon

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an excellent franchise. Thanks to a skillful electoral law which gives representation (on the Moravian pattern) to races and religions, the Moslems, Catholics, and Greek Orthodox members have been elected without trouble or disturbance to the new Diet which was opened a few months ago by the veteran Emperor. It is well known that had Russia encouraged and assisted Servia and Montenegro at that critical juncture, a great war would have resulted, and unless we are gravely misinformed Austria would have commenced the war by offering an autonomous kingdom in federation with Austria-Hungary to the Russian Poles. If a similar policy had been adopted for Ruthenians and Lithuanians, Russia might have been reduced to the position of a second-class Power. Austria's present strength and future power really depends upon this generous recognition of the rights of nationalists, languages, races, and religions. We are far from saying that she is free from internal dissensions and difficulties. Her varied races are not all on the same level of culture and political intelligence. Most of them, in fact, are at times unruly and unreasonable. Nevertheless, Austria is teaching political lessons in democracy, freedom, and toleration, not only to her great ally, but also still more to that unwieldy Russian Empire, which, however, seems likely to fall to pieces before the lessons of federalism and tolerance have been learnt.

MAIL-BAGS.

I.—THE ACTOR-MANAGER'S.

Dear Mr. Wilmington,—I really must write and tell you how perfectly *sweet* you looked as the hero in *The Strong Right Arm*, and how *noble*! I was in

the third row of the upper circle last night—did you see me? I was next to Papa. All the girls at school are mad about you, and we have got up a sweepstake on your age. I have chosen 26,

and I do hope it is right. I feel it must be. Please tell us!

Your admiring friend,

Dulcie Hope.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington regrets to say he is a grandfather.)

Dear Sir,—I have never seen a finer performance in my life than yours in *The Strong Right Arm*. The strength, the virility, the grip in it was tremendous. It electrified me. I have seen *Garrick*, *Kean*, *Macready* and all the great actors, but they cannot touch you, Sir, in dramatic power. I feel you are precisely the right actor to play the title rôle in my five-act drama in blank verse, *Ramesses the Great*. Probably you read this when it appeared in the columns of the *Toodleham Guardian* in 1876. It was most favorably commented on in *Toodleham* and district. Believe me, Sir,

Your sincere admirer,

Jonas Goldsworthy

(Retired District Councillor).

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington is unfortunately not a constant reader of the *Toodleham Guardian*. He fears that, owing to the political situation, it would be unwise to stage a drama dealing with Egypt just at present.)

My Dear Wilmington,—You are absolutely great in the comic scenes of *The Strong Right Arm*. I laughed till my sides ached. It reminded me of the good old times when we played together on tour in *A Trip to Margate*. You remember I always said you had the makings of a first-class comedian in you. Just now, dear boy, I am meeting with a streak of rotten luck. To be quite frank, I haven't a fiver to my name, and I owe more than that for rent. Of course it would be only a temporary loan—next week I hope to be straight again.

Your old pal,

Marmaduke de Montmorency.

Pusch.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington has never played in *A Trip to Margate*. He encloses cheque for one guinea, and hopes it will help Mr. de Montmorency to become straight.)

Dear Mr. Wilmington,—I am so afraid you will think it forward on my part, but I can't keep my feelings back any longer. You must have guessed when you saw me in the pit night after night—I could see you were trying to look away so that people wouldn't suspect. Dear Mr. Wilmington, you are the lover of my dreams, my ideal of the man who should one day make me his wife. Please let me know how you feel about this.

Yours only,

Mabel Binks.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington, while appreciating the honor, regrets that he is married at present, and engaged three deep beyond that.)

Sir,—I have just been to see *The Strong Right Arm*, and I find it difficult to give adequate expression to my indignation. Do you realize, Sir, that your play is lifted bodily from an unpublished drama of mine entitled *The Life and Times of Henry of Navarre*? Do you understand, Sir, that your play is the most unblushing, the most dastardly piece of plagiarism that has ever disgraced the British stage? Are you aware, Sir, that in this country the thief is punished, and punished severely, by the Law, and that a theft more deliberate, more scoundrelly, more—words fail me.

Sir, I await your explanation!

Jno. Thos. Jones.

(Answer: Mr. Wilmington has added Mr. Jones's name to his list of claimants to the authorship of *The Strong Right Arm*. Mr. Jones comes seventh on the list, and his claim will in due course receive every attention.)

"MR. DOOLEY."

It stands to reason that the best practical philosopher in America should be an Irish saloon-keeper in the Bowery. There are, no doubt, other occupations which afford coigns of vantage for observing human nature. The doctor, the clergyman, the lawyer, get many opportunities for stolen glimpses into the interior recesses revealed in emergencies of body, soul or estate, when the coverings of conventional behavior are thrown aside. The estate-agent, the car-conductor, the dentist, the policeman, are also brought into personal relations with all sorts and conditions of men favorable to philosophic study. Though this contact with single specimens is slighter and more casual, it will enable an imaginative man to construct a far more accurate map of life than is possessed by most of those who expound humanity from academic chairs, or in the novel. But none of these can compete with the all-round competence of the saloon-keeper. For, while they are likely to be deceived by a narrow angle of vision or confused by mere numbers, the relations of the saloon-keeper with his "customers" make for a fuller understanding. Human nature is taken off guard, *épanouie*. There is leisure and an atmosphere favorable to a loosening of tongues. For though upon the surface a down-town saloon in New York City is as far removed as possible from the old conception of an inn in which men "took their ease," it still retains some of the immemorial characteristics. Here public opinion is focussed and finds expression, the latest town news is registered, the truths about their feelings which men tell neither on platforms nor in the parlor come tumbling out. *In vino veritas*: not indeed the whole truth, but those fears and affections, prejudices, interests, and

intimations of nobility and meanness by which a man "gives himself away." It will, no doubt, be said that even this view of humanity is partial. There is a humanity which does not frequent saloons, a worthier type. Nay, there are many other sorts of Americans than the dwellers round "Archey Road," whose experiences "Mr. Dooley" gathers in for the staple of his "philosophy."

We prefer to describe "Mr. Dooley" as philosopher rather than as humorist, partly because in his new treatise, "'Mr. Dooley' Says" (Heinemann), he claims the title, partly because it seems less offensive to expound his wisdom than to explain his wit. The peculiar merits of the situation for a laughing philosopher can hardly be over-estimated. It might even be contended that nobody but an Hibernian publican in a great American city could work the richest veins of humor in the great tragi-comedy of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Mr. Bernard Shaw, we believe, defends himself against the charge of paradox by a general countercharge of topsy-turveydom against the public. In such a case the man born with an eye for seeing things right-way-up will necessarily seem an arch-paradoxist. Perhaps there is something in the idea that Irishmen, living, as they do, about the world at such close quarters with an Anglo-Saxondom to which they never can conform, will see its follies, eccentricities, and inconsistencies better than any other people. To a keen-witted Irishman, the prosperous, respectable, self-respecting, efficient, managerial Anglo-Saxon, taking himself seriously or "doing good" to other people, is an irresistible fund of amusement. He walks behind us like a street-urchin behind the swell, half in imitative admiration, half in conscious mockery of dress, deportment, pride of personality.

Now, in some ways, the great American spectacle is a finer revelation than anything on this side. Its respectabilities are not so dull, its missions and professions are bolder and more dramatic, its achievements and events more blatant. There is nothing here to match an American political parade, a millionaire's show-dinner, a Tammany judge, a Sunday newspaper, or a lynching party. There is, indeed, much that is not Anglo-Saxon, that is grafted on from Germany, Poland, Norway, Italy. But the stock in this "great ethnic stew" remains British, the foreign elements are only flavoring. To "Mr. Dooley" and his friends, "Hogan," "Hennessey," and the like, the life round them is a fascinating game in which they take an occasional hand, and a not unprofitable one. It belongs to this philosophy not to take anything too seriously. This pretence that life is a game helps to relieve the bitterness to which satire tends, it imparts a geniality to the exposure of the most noxious humbug, and puts healing balm into the sharpest thrusts.

"Mr. Dooley" sees the large moves in the game of politics. His method of dealing with phrases is to interpret them into close facts. Several of his essays are concerned with Imperialism and the American mission to "elevate" the subject races. He speculates as to whether the subject races may not come out top.

"'Twas 'Maharajah Sewar, swing the fan quicker, or I'll have to roll over f'r me dog-whip.' 'Higgins Sahib,' says Maharajah Sewar, 'Higgins Sahib, beloved iv Gawd an' Kipling, ye'er punishment ar-re th' nourishment iv th' faithful. My blood hath served thine f'r many gnerations. At laste two. 'Twas thine old man that blacked my father's eye, an' sint my uncle up f'r eighty days. Hoo will ye'er honor have th' accursed swine's flesh cooked f'r breakfast in th' mornin' when I'm through fannin' ye?' But now, says

Hogan, it's all changed. Iver since the Rooszins were starved out of Port Arthur and Portsmouth, th' wurrud has passed round, an' ivry naygur, from lemon color to coal, is bracing up—Hogan says that . . . in a few years I'll be takin' in laundhry in a basement instead iv occupyin' me prisint impeeryal position, and ye'll be settin' in front iv ye'er little pickahinnis-sies rollickin' on th' ground, an' wondhrin' whin th' lynchin' party'll arrive."

The Tariff is appropriately treated by a consideration of articles upon the free list:—

"There was a gr'eat sthuggle over canary bur-rd seed. Riprisintitives iv th' Chicago packers insisted that in time canary bur-rds cud be taught to eat pork-chops. Manny Sinitors thought that th' next step wud be to take th' duty off cuttle-fish bone, an' thus sthrike a blow at th' very heart iv our protictive system. But Sinitor Tillman, who is a gr'eat frind iv th' canary bur-rd, an' is niver seen without wan perched on his wrist, which he has taught to swear, put up a gallant fight fir his protégées, an' thousands iv canary bur-rds sang with a lighter heart that night."

Again, what a wealth of economic wisdom is condensed into the following:—

"Th' other mornin' I was readin' th' pa-apers about th' panic in Wall Sthreet, an', though I've nivr seen annything all me life but wan continyal panic, I felt low in me mind until I looked up an' see ye go by with ye'er shovel on ye'er shoulder, an' me heart leaped up. I wanted to rush to th' tillygraft office and wire me friend, J. Pierpont Morgan, 'Don't be downcast. It's all right. I just see Hinnissy go by with his shovel.'"

Even the savagest thrust is mollified by the Hibernian brogue. Is it because it conveys, perhaps erroneously, to the Anglo-Saxon reader the notion that it does not quite mean all it says? Or is there something essentially humorous in the process of poisoning "the fount of justice"?

"I waive me right to be thried be an incorruptible, fair, an' onprejudiced judge. Give me wan that's onfair an' prejudiced, an' that ye can slip something to."

Put this into English, all the humor goes. Why? Perhaps the answer to that question would be worth a whole volume on "The Saxon and the Celt." There are some who find the essence of Irish wit in the "bull," which they think convincing testimony of a voluble loose-mindedness that, practised in profusion, must yield a certain percentage of humorous contradictions. But no one can doubt that "Mr. Dooley's" humor is genuinely Irish, and that its essence consists in flashes of miraculously suggestive illustration. In the great trouble about the admission of Japanese into California, it was complained that grown-up Orientals sought right of entry to the public schools. "Mr. Dooley" visualizes in this a "Jap'nese puppi comb'n' a set iv gray whiskers an' larnin' 'Mary had a little lamb.'"

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In "Mr. Dooley's" art, as in all good stories, everything depends upon the happy ending. But he seldom relies upon sheer exaggeration for his surprise, as is so common among humorists who are not philosophers. Generally, he leaves your laughter some thought to feed upon. Discoursing on "Things Spiritual" in relation to the discovery of a "fellow up in Matsachoo-satts" how to "weigh" the human soul, he finishes a really vivid lesson in psychology by the most sagacious criticism of spiritualistic evidence we have ever met. "My aunt seen a ghost wanst," said Mr. Hennessey. "Ivrybody's aunt has seen a ghost," said "Mr. Dooley."

Since "Hosea Biglow" died no American has worked so rich a vein of satire to such wholesome purposes. That an Irish saloon-keeper in New York should have taken up the rôle of the extinct New England farmer, directing the same acute attacks of sanity to the same sorts of public perfidy or private folly, is a curious instance of continuity in national art.

THE NEW INSTRUMENT OF WAR.

Even to those who were most sanguine the results of the organized employment of aeroplanes in the French Army manoeuvres in Picardy were a surprise. According to the testimony of all foreign observers, a new instrument of wonderful potency has been added to warfare, and some of the observers think that the innovation must mean a revolution in the methods of war. If aeroplanes are as useful for various military purposes as the French manoeuvres seem to prove, it is clear that something possibly more important than the invention of gunpowder, or the application of steam to ships, or the invention of torpedoes and submarines has been accomplished. A new military force has been introduced which

operates in a universal element. Formerly one used to think of ships as free of the whole world, because the sea leads everywhere; and one's thoughts, as though to appreciate the immensity of this freedom, would turn pityingly to the spectacle of an army fettered to the country in which it found itself unless it were lifted out of its territorial prison and transported elsewhere across the seas. But the freedom of ships is as nothing compared with the freedom of aeroplanes which move indifferently over land and water. A tribute of admiration is due to the French, who have organized the employment of these new instruments of war with extraordinary promptitude and enterprise. We read that

the discoveries of the whereabouts of troops made by officers who were carried in aeroplanes caused plans to be hastily and radically changed; that a kind of paralysis seized one General, who recognized that his trump card of secrecy had been torn from his hand; and that it has ceased to be true that the destruction of railways, the blocking of roads, the cutting of wires, and the interference with wireless telegraphy prevent rapid communication between distant troops and their headquarters.

It is a creditable desire in English people not to be overawed into taking a sensational view of novel instruments of warfare. It is well to be composed in the face of new dangers. But we are very sure that in this case Englishmen are not in any danger of jumping to rash conclusions. Many people seem to assume that such an acrobatic performance as flying must for a long time to come, if not always, be confined to a small class, and that there is no prospect of armies employing aeroplanists in numbers comparable to those of their cavalry and artillery arms. The French manoeuvres give no warrant for this scepticism. It is said that there were sometimes twenty aeroplanes in the air at the same time. When we remember that only a couple of years ago we were recording the first aerial journeys of a mile or so, and when we compare those early experiments with the sight of a party of French air-men going off with despatches like a flight of carrier-pigeons, we must admit that we are deprived of any particular right of surprise at whatever achievements may follow. When we have acknowledged the dangers of flying, we have to confess that an equally obvious feature is its comparative simplicity. In a letter to the *Daily Mail* of Monday Mr. G. Holt Thomas related how one of M. Paulhan's pupils flew from St. Cyr to Grandvilliers—about the same dis-

tance as that from London to Manchester—a fortnight ago, with only two stops, although it was only the eighth time he had left the ground in an aeroplane and the first time he had flown across country.

The simplicity, then, must be granted. The next point to consider is whether an aeroplane is very vulnerable. Opinions were open till the French manoeuvres, and some recent experiments in England, appeared to show that it suffers hardly any risk from the gun and rifle fire. An aeroplane sweeping past at forty, fifty, or sixty miles an hour must be as difficult to hit as a driven grouse fired at with a rifle. "Yes," it will be said, "but more than one gun or one rifle will be turned on the aeroplane. Several batteries of guns and some thousands of infantry may fire at it simultaneously, and then it will come down." Against this we have to remember that an enormous percentage of the superficial area of an aeroplane is not a vital part. The planes might be peppered through and through, the airman might be hit in several places, even the engine and the propeller might be hit, and still the aeroplane would not be stopped. Mr. Holt Thomas says that there is only one part of the machine which is really vital, and that is the magneto. If that were hit, the airman would certainly be brought to ground, for his engine would stop. But, again, it has to be said that an airman who found himself unexpectedly under fire could rise in a few seconds to a height where he would be perfectly safe from either gun or rifle fire. His observations would be interrupted no doubt, and in order to observe accurately he might have to plane down again into the zone of fire. But that is no worse than happens to troops nowadays; cavalry often come under the worst fire when carrying out a reconnaissance.

Thus far we have seen that flying is

simple enough for men to be quickly trained in the art, and that aeroplanes are almost immune from the existing means of destruction. How, then, will the new instrument of war be countered, for of course it will have to be countered in some way? We think there can be only one answer. Aeroplanes must fight aeroplanes. We do not know whether the passengers in them will use rifles or a small quick-firing gun, or whether other means of offence will be allowed by the future practice of civilized nations. At all events, the laws which govern the manœuvring of aeroplanes will certainly be the same in essence as those which govern the handling of ships and troops,—speed and superior weight of metal will probably gain the day. Perhaps we should say that the self-elevating capacity of an aeroplane will be the most important thing, for in a struggle between two aeroplanes the one at the greater height would have the commanding position,—more important even than the windward position in the old days of sailing ships. Possibly ramming, which is no longer practised by ships, will be revived by aeroplanes.

In one of his letters to the *Daily Mail* Mr. Holt Thomas estimates the cost of building and manning twenty aeroplanes at £35,000. This is a small sum compared with the cost of building a single battleship. No Secretary for War would be justified in refusing to spend such a sum if he were really

The Spectator.

convinced that by the absence of aeroplanes we were running a risk. We must take into account not only the practical value of aeroplanes in themselves (which, for the purpose of argument, we may regard as a still unproved and even a negligible quantity), but the moral effect they are likely to produce on an army against which they are used, but which has no response to offer. No nation can afford to remain long behind its competitors in military invention. At Sadowa the Prussians may have been superior to the Austrians in most respects, but the absolutely crushing nature of the Prussian victory is explicable only by the fact that the Prussians used the "needle-gun" and the Austrians did not. We cannot say whether the construction of aeroplanes is a matter in which we are justified in waiting for more experience. It is a question for experts. In the case of submarines we were slow in getting to work, but we have more than retrieved the lost ground. In the case of dirigible balloons we have been similarly slow. But it may be that aeroplanes will eventually supersede dirigibles by making it impossible for them to keep the air, and it will be found that we have only avoided spending money in vain. All we can say is that an unusually strong obligation rests on the War Office to watch the development of aeroplanes most carefully, and, if necessary, to spend money on building them promptly and ungrudgingly.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Augusta Kortrecht's "A Dixie Rose" is such a tale as might have been written before the civil war for the pleasure of Southern city-dwelling girls; it is free from any trace of reconstruction and shows Southern girls and a Southern school in the most agreeable

light imaginable. The little maids are not perfect, but they are governed, taught, guided children, on the way to happier lives than will come to young folk reared in the independent fashion presented in many Northern books. Southern girls will delight in the story

and Northern girls will be all the better for perceiving that their way of life is not the only one. The book has a pretty illuminated title page, a colored frontispiece by Ethel Pennewell Brown, and a rose decorated cover. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. Hollis Godfrey's first book for boys took them into the field of industrial and financial achievement; his second, "Jack Collerton's Engine," goes further, and shows a boy not only equalling but surpassing the mechanicians of the air, and shrewdly protecting his handiwork from those who would rob him of his reward. The scene of the story shifts from England to France and from France to Switzerland and in all three countries Jack succeeds in effecting his aim and retains his fine ambition. Little, Brown & Co.

"Photographing in Old England," by Mr. W. Lincoln Adams, is frankly offered as a collection of pictures made or procured by the author during recent visits to Oxford, Stratford, London and the English cathedral towns, and journeys through Lincoln, Devon, the lake country, and Wales. It closes with a valuable chapter addressed to the unprofessional photographer, with hints and information especially useful to an amateur; but one need not use or possess a camera in order to find infinite pleasure in this collection. The volume is a large quarto, printed and bound as a gift book. Baker Taylor Company.

It is a curious circumstance that in Korea, coincident with political agitation and humiliation, ending in the complete loss of independence, there has been one of the most extraordinary religious awakenings ever witnessed in a non-Christian country. To-day the Korean Christians are working with marvelous faith and devotion in the hope of bringing a million of their countrymen into the churches. The

story of this awakening is briefly and simply told by Mr. George T. B. Davis, who has been an eye-witness of some of its manifestations, in a little book entitled "Korea for Christ," published by the Fleming H. Revell Co. It is a narrative of absorbing interest to all who are following contemporary missionary activities.

Three of the historical plays of Shakespeare, "King John," "Richard the Second" and "Richard the Third" are added to the First Folio edition, of which Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke are joint editors, and Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are the publishers. For each play Miss Porter furnishes an Introduction, and there are notes, literary illustrations, selected criticisms and a glossary. Typographically the books are a delight to the eye, and the fact that the edition follows closely the text of the famous First Folio of 1623, with the original spelling and punctuation, gives it a unique value.

Gifford Pinchot's "The Fight for Conservation" is written, naturally enough, in a somewhat strenuous manner, for the writer has suffered for the cause which he especially represents, and it would be surprising if no tone of challenge and conflict marked his utterances. But, minor differences aside, the cause for which he pleads has already won the national heart, and this brief exposition of it is certain to attract attention. There are few public questions upon which the issue between public interests and unscrupulous selfish interests is more sharply defined. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Miss Alice Wilson Fox's "Hearts and Coronets" does not fulfil the suggestion of bitterness given by the Tennysonian origin of its title, but is an altogether pleasant story of pleasant girls and boys, with pleasant homes, parents and

friends, and of their progress to a state in which the heroine, a comparatively poor young person, is left a countess in her own right. The author knows exactly where to draw the conversational line between good humored fun and rudeness, and even upon the ill-mannered louts who give the book such slight shadow as it has, she bestows the virtue of honesty and kind hearts, and an occasional touch of shrewd humor. In spite of its innocent goodness the story is entirely free from any old-fashioned touch, and may fearlessly be given to girls who insist on this year's styles for their heroines. Macmillan & Co.

A remarkable group of fifty photographs would make Mr. Blair Jaekel's "The Lands of the Tamed Turks" worthy of attention, had it no text whatever. "The Balkans and the Little Balkans" are always interesting because of their geographical position, of their chequered past history and their ever present possibilities. Mr. Jaekel has the seeing eye and imagination: he notes salient characteristics, and perceives which will give each country and people individuality to his reader, and his book abounds in touches not easily forgotten. The five coats of arms on the green cover are as useful as they are ornamental; and the book is one of the best yet issued in the excellent "Little Pilgrimages" series. The very recent changes in Montenegro and the possibilities of the present state of affairs in Austro-Hungary make it indispensable to any one needing a work of ready reference. L. C. Page & Co.

A collection of anecdotes is not a book which commends itself to the habitual reader, for he generally postpones reading even Bacon's *Apophthegms* until he has made the essays his own, but Mr. Robert Rudd Whiting's "Four Hundred Good Stories" stands

above the average level of its class, for the stories are well-chosen, and careful search may reveal some that are new, improbable as it seems. Moreover it is instructive to discover how swiftly a story, a very baby of a story not more than five years of age, may have changed its scenery or its personages and be on the way to number as many versions as those coeval with the Parthenon or the Pyramids. Men who love such a volume, women who read fragments of the daily newspaper and little else, and ask only innocent amusement, will find "Four Hundred Good Stories" a pleasing table book for a life time. Baker & Taylor Co.

It pleases Mr. David Skaats Foster to indulge himself in a pun in the title of his "Flighty Arethusa," and thus to indicate the heroine's partiality for the aeroplane. The hero, who is supposed to be the writer of the story, gives a very scientific account of his machine which will run upon the earth, fly through the air or navigate the water, to say nothing of being light, strong, and everything else which an aeroplane should be. Aided by this ally he wins not only the affections of the heroine, but a reasonable share of the hearts of the companions who have retired with her, for their own purposes to a hermitage; he also succeeds in bringing an invading airship to grief and aids Arethusa in discovering a treasure buried by her dead uncle. The termination of the story is obvious, but, before it is reached the author has invented a large number of impossible but none the less entertaining incidents, and both Flighty Arethusa and the inventor are left happy and in possession of a modest fortune of \$1,620,000. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Peru and the Peruvian conquest have more than once figured in newspaper and magazine stories since Prescott revived the story of Pizarro, and the

natives have often figured as very little lower than the angels. In his "The Unstrung Bow" Mr. David O. Batchelor is wiser. His Spaniards are poor Christians it is true, but his Peruvians blend savage and civilized traits and are more probable than those produced by most of the earlier writers. Beneath the veneer of knowledge applied by the Incas, they are still savages, and liable to frequent lapses into barbarism, and the Incas themselves are far from perfect. The hero in his youth loves Anne Boleyn, but Henry sends him on a mission to the Papal court; and shipwreck on the way thither leads to his presence in Peru where he becomes a great man, and in spite of Pizarro returns to England rich and the husband of a former Inca's daughter. The chief events of Pizarro's visit are related in accordance with history and the hero's escape and departure for England are ingeniously made probable. Mr. Batchelor's first novel must be reckoned as highly successful. Sherman French & Co.

"The Shogun's Daughter," by Mr. Robert Ames Bennet, is nominally written by Mr. Adams of South Carolina, American naval officer, retired in 1851, because he saw no chance of promotion to ranks "fresh stocked" after the Mexican war with young and vigorous officers. One of his ancestors penetrated the very heart of Japan, obtained a title of nobility by distinguished service and founded a family. The young South Carolinian endeavors to imitate him but finds Japan too much for him and retires to his own land with speed, accompanied by a Japanese. In time, the two return, the American with a fair knowledge of the Japanese tongue, and as much knowledge of the race as extraordinary conceit permits him to acquire. The Japanese brings to his native land such knowledge of foreign ways as he has

been able to gain, hoping to aid the Emperor and the Shogun to turn the impending Perry expedition to the benefit of Nippon, and although unsuccessful he leaves a glorious memory, and enables the American to marry the daughter of the Shogun. The tale ends in the time of Townsend Harris, with the American living secretly and happily at Kago Shima. The originality of the tale is refreshing. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Unity of Religions" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is a compact and popular study of comparative religion, presented in a manner so simple as to appeal to the average reader rather than to the scholar, and pervaded by a tolerance so broad as to recognize what is good and uplifting in every form of faith. The volume grew out of the needs of an adult class in Applied Christianity, held in connection with the Bible School of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, New York city; and the twenty-two chapters which constitute it were delivered as lectures before the class by as many different preachers, professors and special students, clerical and lay. The ancient beliefs are explained by especially-informed scholars and the modern faiths by well-selected adherents of them: Judaism and Reformed Judaism each by a Rabbi, Roman Catholicism by the Director of the Catholic Cyclopædia, Protestantism by Professor McGiffert and the Religious Aspects of Socialism by an ardent socialist, Charles P. Fagnani. The book might well serve as a text-book for classes similar to that before which the lectures were given; and, whether used in that way or made the subject of individual reading it will promote catholicity and charity.

Miss Alcott would have more than one dangerous rival were she now alive and writing and Miss Katharine Ruth Ellis would be among the most danger-

ous. The Alcott maiden was a rather simple creature, like the real girls both of Miss Alcott's youth, and of the youth of her readers. The young girl of today, often less accurately taught in many matters than the pupils of the best schools in Miss Alcott's time, has an inkling of many subjects, and is both less manageable and more easily confused, because her knowledge, not being correlated, weighs heavily upon her. She but half understands her troubles, but she feels the need of new advisers, and Miss Ellis perfectly comprehends her and her woes. In this year's book, "Wide Awake Girls at College," she devotes herself so effectually to showing the essential ugliness of slang that the college book of next year will probably be adorned by English speaking personages, amusing themselves possibly with a few illegitimate words of college manufacture, but refraining from the present participles of "to cork" and "to rip." The work is done so skilfully that most mothers and many teachers will find that the book can teach them something and the high school and grammar school girls will conceive a new ideal of the college girl. Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. W. D. Howells's "My Mark Twain," is as touching, gentle and generous a tribute, as ever was laid on bier. Mark Twain was one of those for whom, when they are no more, their friends are desirous of obtaining the highest eulogies, the noblest memorials, the rewards due to the beautiful spirit revealed to the chosen few although concealed from the less discerning. It is in this spirit that the recent parts of Mr. Howells's book are written: the earlier passages, recording his just appreciation of Mr. Clemens in the time of "The Innocents Abroad," and his discriminating judgment of the Joan of Arc novel, bear witness to the growth and solidity of that present conception of

Mark Twain which he has sculptured from the block of years of affectionate friendship, and heighten the strong impression conveyed by it. As a rule, Mr. Howells's criticism does not justly reveal the critic, being obscured by mannerisms inharmonious with his early and always natural grace, but in "My Mark Twain" he entirely loses himself, and finds himself as what might be called the mourner militant, demanding tribute from man's judgment and in reverent boldness asserting the Divine mercy, sure that "for one so true, there must be other, nobler work to do." Harper & Brothers.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs produces his best humorous work for children, and his "Molly and the Unwiseman Abroad" will delight all boys and girls sufficiently familiar with England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, to understand its jokes. Readers of the Little Cousin Series, Rollo in Europe, Zigzag Journeys, the Bodley Books, the Family Flight, or the Peppers Abroad, are qualified to enjoy it, but to give it to a child who knows nothing of foreign countries except what he is taught in school is sheer wastefulness, and the book is too good to waste. The Unwiseman is as fluent as ever and asks unreasonable questions and returns only too reasonable answers; Whistle-binkle, Molly's rubber-doll, discourses in the highly abbreviated English of the American child, and if this exhibition of their bad habits does not improve the speech of his readers they must be past hope. Molly, kind, gentle, and careful of the feelings of others, sets a good example without preaching, and is an agreeable contrast to the hooting juvenile heroine of the moment. The pictures display burlesques of the large-eyed long-lashed pretty picture book child, but are in no way coarse or disagreeable, although like all burlesques, they may lessen or dull a

young person's taste for good art unless carefully explained to him. On the other hand, they will show him that such fun need not descend to the barbarism of the worst types, and the judicious parent and teacher will gladly seize the opportunity thus offered. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Every new instalment of volumes in "Everyman's Library" deepens the original impression of the extraordinary value and beauty of the series. The catholicity of the plan of the series also becomes increasingly apparent, as volume after volume fits into its proper place in one or another of the several groups. It was a happy thought, that of providing each group with its own distinctive color of binding, while preserving uniformity of size and general appearance. By this device, the different rows of books virtually assort themselves upon the shelves. But the variety and harmony of color which mark the binding are only an external expression of the harmony and variety of selection and grouping of the books themselves. The latest instalment of fifty-two volumes brings the total up to five hundred and carries the series exactly half way to completion, according to the original plan. It may well enough be, however, that the demand which has arisen for these useful, attractive and astonishingly cheap books may occasion an expansion of the original plan. There has been no lack before of series of reprints of classics and standard works, but there has been nothing to approach in comprehensiveness, careful editing and combined beauty and cheapness the volumes in this library. Prior to this latest instalment, of the 448 books included, 32 were biography, 16 classics, 57 essays and belles lettres, 157 fiction, 49 history, 5 oratory, 31 poetry and drama, 2 reference books, 14 romance, 9 science, 22 theology and philosophy, 24 travel and

topography, and 40 books for young people. The latest volumes, of which further mention will be made later, add to all of these sections, with the single exception of oratory. E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers.

Experienced boy readers must have long since acquired the habit of looking for the imprint of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, with a cheerful confidence that they will find it upon spirited and diverting tales of adventure, such as are dear to the boy heart. This year certainly they are not doomed to disappointment. Here, for instance, is Warren L. Eldred's "The Crimson Ramblers," a stirring story of school life and of camp life in summer, full of incident and with a dash of humor; Everett T. Tomlinson's "The Young Blockaders," a story of the Civil War, told with Mr. Tomlinson's usual care as to historic details and background, and of so lively an interest that the boy reader will be loth to put it down until the last page is reached; "The Automobile Boys of Lakeport," the fifth volume in Edward Stratemeyer's "Lakeport Series" in which the young heroes have some exciting experiences with a touring car; "At the Home Plate" by Albertus T. Dudley, the second volume of the Stories of the Triangular League, —a story which will delight young athletes by its vivid portrayal of the joys of football, base ball and hockey, not to mention other incidents of school life; and "Dave Porter at Star Ranch," the sixth volume in Edward Stratemeyer's "Dave Porter Series," in which the youthful hero and his friends taste of the adventures of cow-boy life in Colorado. All of these books have spirited illustrations, and those of them which appear in a series are of independent interest, although they introduce characters who have appeared in earlier books.